



No. 665.—VOL. LII.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1905.

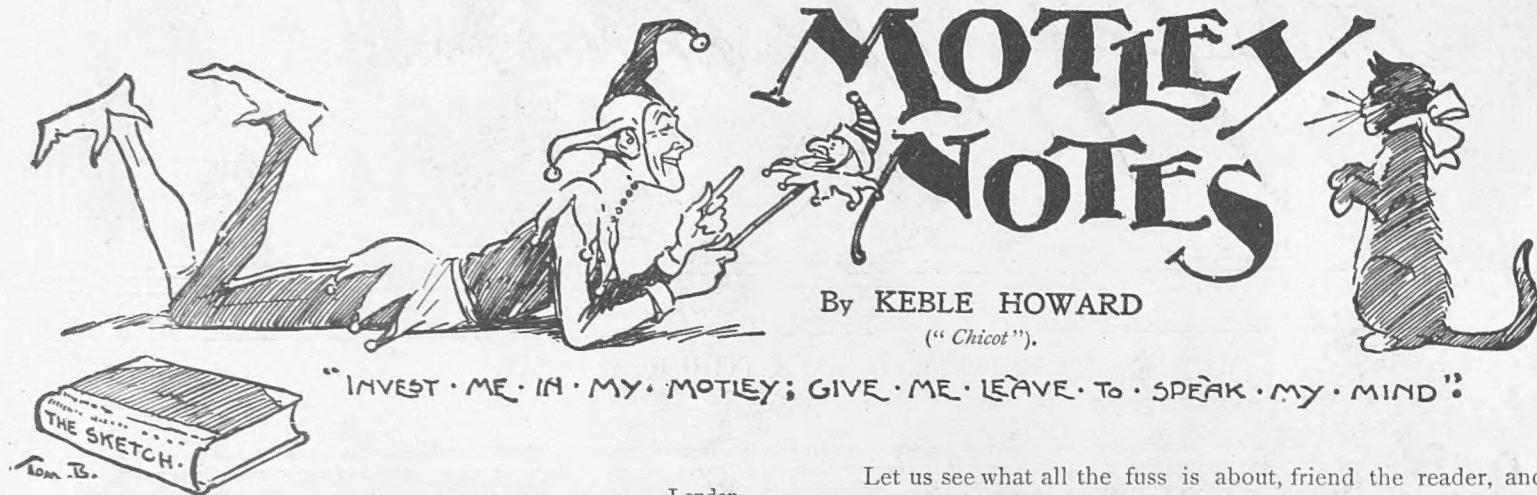
SIXPENCE.



THE FUTURE KING AND QUEEN OF NORWAY? PRINCE AND PRINCESS CHARLES OF DENMARK.

Prince Christian Frederick Charles George Valdemar Axel of Denmark, who, in all probability, will be King Hakon VII. of Norway by the time this issue of "The Sketch" is published, is grandson of King Christian of Denmark, and was born in 1872. He married Princess Maud, youngest daughter of King Edward, who was born on November 26th, 1869, in July of 1896. On Saturday it was announced that he had been promoted to an honorary Commandership in the British Navy. His heir, Prince Alexander, was born at Appleton House, Sandringham, in July 1903. The last independent Norwegian King, who died in 1380, was Hakon VI., and it is believed that Prince Charles will reign as Hakon VII. should he become King of Norway.

Photograph by W. and D. Downey.



London.

PERHAPS I ought not to speak, on a page usually reserved for the flippancies of every day, about so grandly solemn a ceremonial as the funeral of Sir Henry Irving. Yet my very reverence shall be my excuse, for the event made so deep an impression upon me that I cannot, until I have written something about it, turn my thoughts again to the pretty frivolities of Vanity Fair. It was quite by chance, I should explain, that I was present in the Abbey last Friday morning. I did not apply for a ticket, because one knew that the space was limited, and I should have been ill at ease in thinking that I had been the means of excluding somebody who, either by reason of age or personal friendship, had a better right than myself to see the last of the great actor we all adored. At the last minute, however, a ticket of admission was given to me that might otherwise have been neglected, and thus it happened that I became one of the privileged congregation. I found a seat in the nave. All around me were quiet, humble folk whose faces could not have been more gentle, whose bearing could not have been more sincerely sorrowful, had they been celebrating the obsequies of some very dear, long-cherished friend. And, every now and again, the majestic interior of the Abbey was brilliantly illuminated by streams of morning sunshine, striking downwards, upon the rows of weary faces, through the wide, grey windows.

For many of us, the most poignantly pathetic note was struck before the approach of the procession. Through the great arches rumbled the sweet, stately music of Schubert's "Marche Solennelle." The broad aisle, walled from end to end with floral offerings from every corner of the kingdom, for the moment stood empty. And then, with bowed head almost hidden in the sombre veil of mourning, came Miss Ellen Terry. Through the richest years of her life she had shared the triumphs of the honoured dead. Hundreds and hundreds of times she had fought at his side for the tears, and applause, and love of the crowded theatre. Now he was gone, that old comrade, that revered friend. . . . And so Miss Terry passed through to her appointed place, and we saw her no more.

Presently came the beginning, and the most beautiful effect, of the ceremony. Very, very softly, from somewhere in the far distance, we heard a sound of treble voices. The Order of Service told us that the body was being carried through the Cloisters from the Chapel of St. Faith. Then, as the silence of death fell on us, we could just distinguish the strains of the hymn that everyone learns in childhood and can never forget—"Brief life is here our portion." Step by step the choir drew nearer, and phrase by phrase the simple, moving melody swelled in volume until, through the open door by which the procession was to enter the Abbey, we could hear distinctly the old, familiar lines—

"The morning shall awaken,
The shadows shall decay . . ."

A man might live many years and travel a long way without experiencing anything that appealed so strongly to the heart and the imagination as that music from the Cloisters as they bore the ashes of Sir Henry Irving from the Chapel of St. Faith. Very beautiful, too, was the singing of Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar," and I liked the idea of bringing the actual service to a close with a burst of joyous, triumphant music . . .

And so into the hurly-burly of London again, to jest a little, and laugh a little, and love a little among the frail, be-ribboned booths of Vanity Fair.

Let us see what all the fuss is about, friend the reader, and hurl ourselves, without waiting for any invitation, into the midst of some discussion. Here's a white-hot argument toward on a very ancient topic that still never grows senile—the relative merits of married men and bachelors. Well, married men seldom tire of throwing stones at bachelors, but I would warn them that bachelors fill a very important position in the world's organism. The bachelor, as a matter of fact, is as indispensable to the married man as the toad is to the gardener. Without bothering to pursue the simile further—I am not quite sure, to tell you the truth, that the toad *is* useful to the gardener—I will maintain that the bachelor, from his position of vantage outside the ropes—a much better simile—is able to take a fair, unbiassed view of the game, and, from time to time, shout words of direction and encouragement to the frantic players.

Take, for instance, the opinions of a gentleman—and, of course, a bachelor—that I came across the other day in a contemporary entitled *Broad Views*. He said boldly: "Married people should have separate homes. Of course, there is nothing to prevent each of them inviting the other to stay for a certain number of days or even weeks; but, at the end of that time, the guest will return to his own fireside. To be unable to rid ourselves of uncongenial society is torture undiluted." It is the last sentence, you understand, that proclaims the bachelorhood of the writer. No married man would dare to write such a line. Yet, the line having been written by the useful bachelor, many a married man will mark the passage with blue pencil, lay it in a conspicuous place on the drawing-room table, and walk gingerly up and down the garden until the storm be overpast. Never, good Benedick, decry your humble, faithful ally—the Bachelor.

I see that they are talking, elsewhere, about the London cabs, and this is a subject upon which I never miss an opportunity of speaking my mind. It seems that it has been decided by the Metropolitan Cab Trade Reform League—that title must have been registered outside the radius—to "ask the Home Secretary to alter the existing fare to that of sixpence per mile for a radius of six miles from Charing Cross." Mr. Brown, the Secretary of the "M.C.T.R.L.," says that a sixpenny cab-fare is the only alteration needed to allow the drivers to obtain a fair living wage. Mr. Brown may be an authority, but I'm afraid I can't agree with him. What we want, in my whispered opinion, is a reasonably safe cab, and cabmen who can bring themselves to be reasonably polite to women. A 'bus-conductor is an angel compared with a cabman. He will take even so small a sum as a halfpenny and yet show no signs of temper. Think it over, Mr. Brown, and get the members of the "M.C.T.R.L." to think it over with you.

That settles that. (Keep up, friend the reader.) Hallo! What have we here? A lady is giving hints on "The Art of Conversation." Listen: "If we have no wit, or cannot talk in telling epigram, we had better by far be content to be dull." Oh, but surely Vanity Fair has travelled a little further than the land of the Telling Epigram? I hope so, at any rate, for I should hate to be compelled into silence and the twiddling of thumbs. Still more should I hate the surrounding manufacturers of Telling Epigrams. What a nightmare your words suggest, dear lady! A white-clothed table ten thousand miles in length; a million thumb-twiddlers sitting in silence and dejection; at intervals of five hundred miles skilled conversationalists snapping out machine-made Telling Epigrams. Ugh! I commend the notion to Mr. Sime. Let him take it home, and play with it, and dress it up in the flat, cold garments of the eternally dyspeptic, and send it to be reproduced as the frontispiece of a shilling handbook on "The Art of Conversation; or, A Slim Compendium on the Concoction of Telling Epigrams."

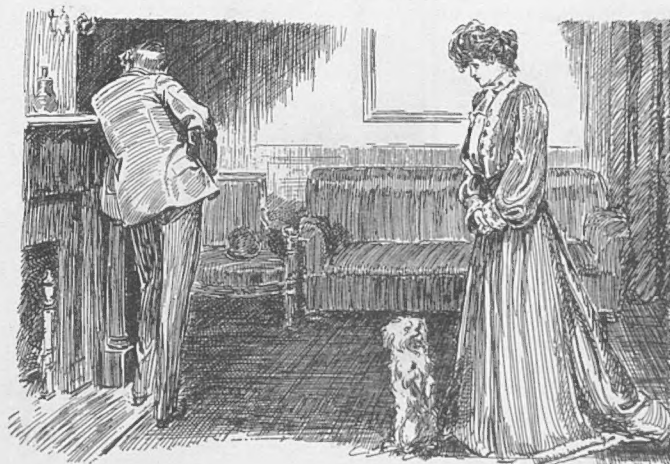
DESERTED BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON.



APRIL FOOL! SHE BALKS AT THE MARRIAGE CONTRACT.



GRANDMA TAKES THE BABY TO THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S.



"I'LL BE A SISTER TO YOU."

THE GIBSON GIRL AND A FEW OF HER SATELLITES: SOME OF THE MOST RECENT EXAMPLES OF THE WORK THE FAMOUS AMERICAN ARTIST IS ABANDONING.

Mr. Charles Dana Gibson, whose Girl has taken England and America by storm, has decided that he has reached his highest point in black-and-white work, and is to abandon it, that he may realise an ambition he has long held, turn student again, and become a portrait-painter. A further note on the subject will be found in "Small Talk of the Week."

Drawings reproduced from the "Gibson Calendar for 1906," by courteous permission of its publishers, Messrs. James Henderson, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, E.C.

THE CLUBMAN.

Brigandage as a Fine Art—The School of Raisuli—Sicilian Brigands—Vivillio—The Guardia Civile.

THE brigand seems to be intent on asserting his right to be considered a real-life personage, not a creature of fiction.

When an ear is left as a reminder, even if it is not the ear of a valuable prisoner, but one cut casually from a passing peasant, it may be taken as a proof that the brigands mean business. In Morocco brigandage is carried out more humanely. Raisuli has elevated it to the sphere of politics, and the capture of a really important prisoner by brigands has somewhat the same effect on the Government of Morocco as an adverse vote in the House has on Ministers in England. Valiente and his brethren, who are occupying so much attention now, are of the school of Raisuli, but they lack his breadth of style.

Whenever I have been in a "brigand-infested country" I have always found that no one there seemed to know anything about brigands. I travelled last year in Sicily for a time with a young Italian cavalry officer whose regiment, or rather, two squadrons of it, was quartered in the island, and I thought that if anybody was likely to do a little brigand-hunting it would be this *beau sabreur*. He smiled when I began to question him, and told me that, if a man was really anxious to be captured by Sicilian brigands, it might, perhaps, be managed for him on some of the roads in the southern part of the island.

We were both talking rather indifferent French, with the accent of our mother countries added to complicate matters, and I shied a little at the idea that anyone could possibly be anxious to be captured by brigands. The young cavalryman qualified his words. He had met many people, he said, who wanted to feel the excitement of escaping capture by brigands. I subsequently heard two ladies at the Villa Igeia at Palermo, which town is as free from brigands as South Kensington is, ask whether it was safe to walk along the road below Monte Pellegrino, and the hall-porter gravely told them that the country was quite quiet and that they need have no alarm. It was the answer they expected, but they might just as well have asked whether Primrose Hill is a haunt of bandits.

The Spanish oandit, I am sorry to read, is coming into existence again, and there is a bad little fat man, Vivillio, who is indulging in highway robbery in Andalusia and is becoming a popular idol. The peasants in the South of Spain have been put in desperate straits by the drought of the spring, which ruined the harvest, and there is no wonder that some of the starving folk are lawless; but I doubt whether any Englishman actually in any Andalusian town would hear or see anything of the distress, and certainly he would never know that there was a real brigand at large.

The Britons I know in Seville and Jerez and Cadiz all go long shooting expeditions without escort of any kind, and I never heard any tale from any one of them of an appearance of a bandolero on a big black Barb, the correct horse for a popular brigand to ride in those parts. I certainly heard of people being considered bold who lived in houses outside the clustered buildings of a town, and, when I asked what danger threatened these daring ones, I was told that bad people came down from the hills. But I was given to understand that nothing in the way of really high-class brigandage was to be feared, only a sack of hen-coops and an abduction of cattle.

I fancy Vivillio's time of glory will be short, and that he will soon follow other heroes in his particular line of business to that very uncomfortable arm-chair in which those sit who are to be garrotted. The Guardia Civile are a most efficient gendarmerie, and they have put an end to many careers of brigandage far more promising than that of Vivillio.

The Irish Constabulary and the Guardia Civile of Spain are the finest bodies of fighting-men in the world, and the loyalty of both is splendid. There is an old Irish joke concerning the thousands of Irish who would rise and strike for independence were it not for the inopportune presence of the "Pollis," and the Guardia Civile are the strongest of the cords which keep the Throne in its place in Spain. One hears in that country much talk of a revolution, and sometimes there is a question as to what direction the sympathies of the troops might take in a choice between a Republic and a Monarchy, but of the devoted loyalty to the Throne of the tall men with three-cornered hats, claw-hammer coats, and yellow belts there has never been a doubt.

They are rather "harbitary gents" sometimes, these great Civil Guards, and they have little ways of their own for keeping their prisoners in order. They tie a man's elbows loosely behind his back with a piece of string. As long as he walks the string does not incommode him. If he attempts to run the string breaks. If the string breaks, the two-Guardia Civile riding behind shoot. Therefore, a prisoner treated in this manner is always careful not to hurry his pace.

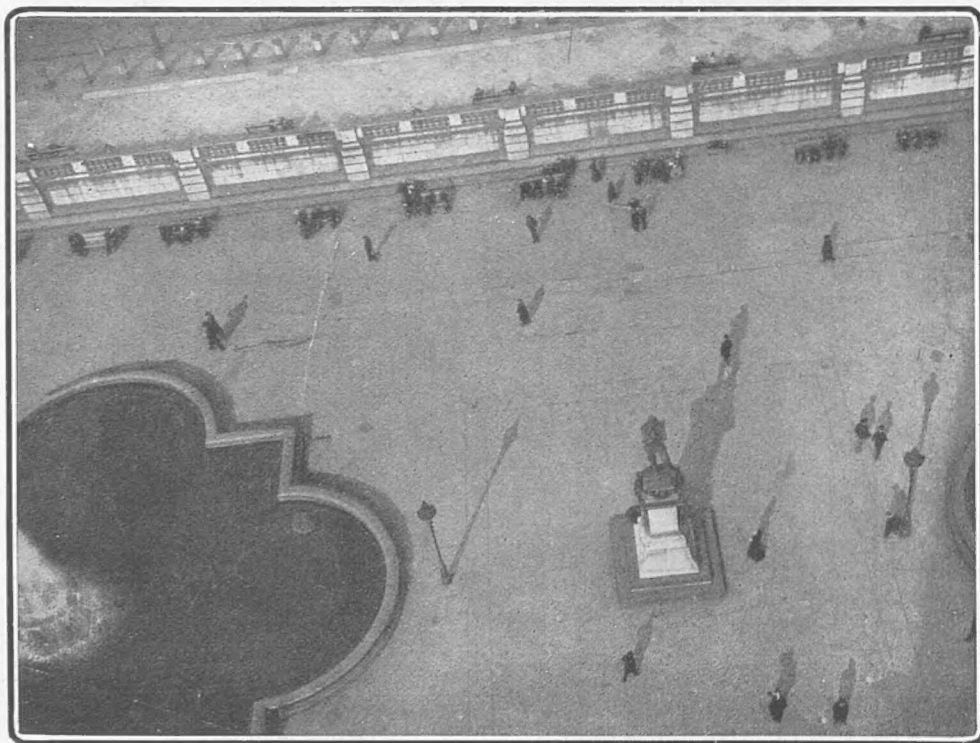
Once, in Cordova, I saw a troop of the Guardia Civile deal with an ugly mob. There was a road which was "up," and when a cobble-stone road in a Spanish town is being repaired there is a ready-made barricade every few yards. The mob thought they were safe from a charge; stones were thrown, and a pistol was fired which broke the glass of a lamp by which the Captain was reading a proclamation. The big horses of the Guardia went over the barricades as if they had been Irish hunters, and the mob vanished up side-alleys as quickly as frightened fish up a

rivulet. A squad of the Guardia charged back up the road they had come, to guard against any attack in rear, and as they came I stood flatter against a wall than I had ever managed to do before.



NELSON IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE: A CLOSE VIEW OF THE GREAT ADMIRAL'S EFFIGY.

Photograph by the Press Studio.



BRITONS UNDER NELSON'S HEEL: TRAFALGAR SQUARE FROM THE TOP OF THE NELSON MONUMENT.

Photograph by the Press Studio.

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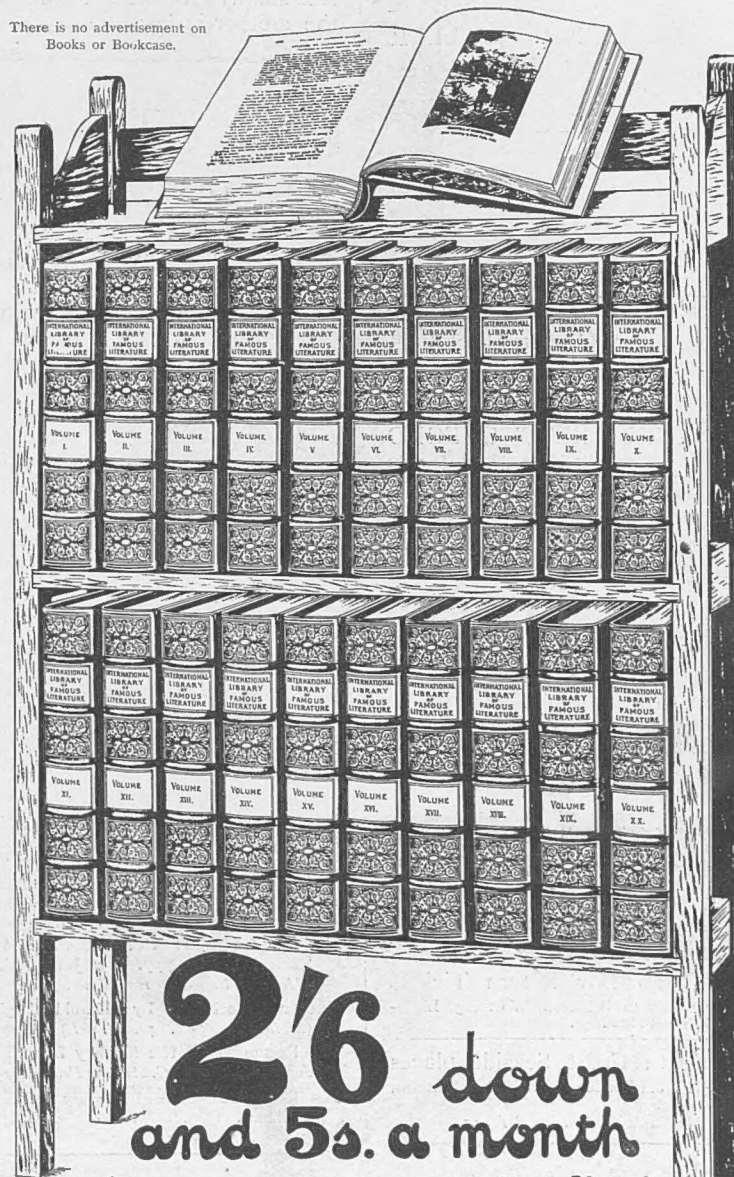
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THE OPENING OF THE SALON.

The Salon has opened its doors with a big clang, and Paris is face to face with the crudities of the autumn youth. Quite the funniest thing is an animal picture that requires eight lines of explanation in the catalogue. Beware of the *chef d'œuvre* which is given away with instructions! Whilst a panther and a boar are having it out in the plains below, a tiger and an owl look on with bloodshot eyes. The author of this Kipling story, in pigment, was once a *douanier*. Instead of smudging canvas, he first pierced wine-casks at the gates of Paris. Now it is the public who ask, "What have you to declare?" The picture, indeed, might be entitled "The Smugglers' Revenge."

The neo-impressionist has been let loose again, and he rages with autumn madness over the walls. The wall-paper maker should be able to get many an idea. Here, for instance, is the picture of a lady, whose face is multi-coloured, like her hat. Her cheeks are crushed strawberry turning to deep purple, her forehead tinged with yellow, her mouth bluish, her ears inclined to green. And yet it is not entitled "After the Battle," or "The Neighbours' Conversation." No, it is simply art—art in the autumn. There is not even a reference to the mother-in-law.

THE £5 OFFER.

The first response to Mr. T. Fisher Unwin's offer of a £5 Prize for the most original criticism of the £100 Prize Novel, "SAINTS IN SOCIETY," comes in the form of a "Limerick"—

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THE BEST BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Kipps: The Story of a Simple Soul. By H. G. Wells. (Macmillan and Co. 6s.)

Gaspard de Coligny, Admiral of France. By A. W. Whitehead, M.A. (Methuen and Co. 12s. 6d. net.)

The Difficult Way. By Mabel Dearmer. (Smith, Elder, and Co. 6s.)

The Cloak of Friendship. By Laurence Housman. (John Murray. 6s.)

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Red Dickon the Outlaw. By Tom Bevan. (Thomas Nelson and Sons. 2s. 6d.)

A Queer Child. By Linnie Edwards. **The Log of the Scarlet House.** By M. E. F. Hyland. **Rosamond's Girls.** By M. Bramston. (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.)

The Girl's Realm Annual, 1905. Edited by S. H. Leader. (S. H. Bousfield and Co.)

Smouldering Fires. By E. Everett-Green. (Thomas Nelson and Sons. 5s.)

Fairy Tales Every Child should Know. Edited by H. W. Mabie. (Wm. Heinemann. 5s.)

The Secret of Popularity. By Emily Holt. (Methuen and Co. 3s. 6d.)

TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

The Title-page and Index of Volume Fifty-one (from July 19 to Oct. 11, 1905) of THE SKETCH can be had, Gratis, through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 172, Strand, London.

SPECIAL NOTE TO CONTRIBUTORS TO "THE SKETCH."

Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to the Editor of "The Sketch," and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their senders, but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage, destruction, or detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs sent to him.

Every contribution submitted to "The Sketch" should bear the full name and address of the sender legibly written. In the case of batches of photographs and drawings, the name and address should be written on each photograph or drawing.



SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

THIS week His Majesty honours Lord and Lady Londesborough with a visit at the splendid Yorkshire estate which has so many notable associations with the past. The King's host and hostess have all the Yorkshire love of sport, and while with them the Sovereign will enjoy some of the best shooting in the kingdom. Both their Majesties will be the guests of the Duke and Duchess of Portland

early in December. This will be the first time the King and Queen have been to Welbeck Abbey since the Accession. Sandringham retains its old place in the King's affections, and a number of shooting-parties will be entertained there during the coming winter, though it is asserted that the Court will be at Windsor throughout the whole of December. There are rumours of several Royal visitors, but these will probably include only near relations of their Majesties and involve no State ceremonial.

A Great Opportunity.

The Prince and Princess of Wales are now well on their way to "India's coral strand," and the nation will watch their triumphal progress with keen interest and anxiety. Their Royal Highnesses have before them a great opportunity, and, from their past record, it seems likely that they will avail themselves of it to the full. King Edward's Eastern Empire has gone through a great deal since His Majesty, as Prince of Wales, spent the winter of '75-76 there. The India of that day was still unchanged, still to a certain extent the India of John Company. Now the country has undergone transformation, and has become more or less Europeanised; this, however, will make the conciliatory task of the Prince and Princess by no means easier. In Lord and Lady Minto they will find willing and experienced auxiliaries.

The President and the Mosquito.

We have not yet had the joy of reading the American Sunday Editions on President Roosevelt, mosquitoes, and yellow fever, but it is not difficult to indulge in an intelligent anticipation of the tactics of certain of

room; his screened train; portrait of the attendant surgeon, with his sleeves rolled up, and flourishing a knife; and elaborate, Holt Schooling-like diagrams showing the mosquito as yellow fever's most energetic "drummer." Seriously, though, the President is but taking wise precautions. That the mosquito does spread the dreaded fever there is no doubt, that New Orleans is still a somewhat dangerous locality from the medical point of view is equally certain—and yellow fever, to use an expressive vulgarism, is "no catch." Even Mr. Roosevelt's famous smile would dissolve before it, and what would the Press-photographer do then?

Miss Roosevelt's Presents.

Meantime, the strenuous President is learning what it is to have a "virtual Princess" as a daughter. Miss Alice Roosevelt is bringing home with her presents valued at twenty thousand pounds, and an unsympathetic Custom-service—the service that recently ranked frogs' legs as game in order that it might have its pound of flesh—expects to gain some ten or twelve thousand pounds as duty. And poor President Roosevelt must sanction this, lest a special Act should damage Republican elections. It is possible that, on the appraisal of the gifts, the duty will be reduced; but at present it is the income of Miss Alice's father that looks like reduction.



EDUCATING THE RED INDIAN: THE RAW MATERIAL.—WOMEN AND CHILDREN OF THE NEZ-PERCÉS AT THEIR TENT-DOOR.

Photograph by Fawcett.



EDUCATING THE RED INDIAN: THE FINISHED PRODUCT.—EDUCATED AMERICAN-INDIAN GIRLS, REPRESENTING SEVEN TRIBES.

Photograph by Fawcett.

them. "President Arms Himself against Deadly Mosquito-Bite," "Does Not Like Yellow Fever," "Surgeon to Cut Out Stings" should be among the head-lines, and the illustrations cannot be less fearsome. We can see some of them—a mosquito, rampant, in section, and with business-end highly magnified; the fumigation of Mr. Roosevelt's

Moors "Agin' the Government."

The capture of two British officers by Moorish brigands between Ceuta and Tetuan is not without its amusing aspect, and this aspect is the easier to refer to here because it is in the last degree unlikely that the captives will suffer any serious trouble. They will "rough it," but British sailors are accustomed to the experience. The whole of Morocco is disturbed at present, and every petty chief who has a grievance and a following is "agin' the Government." Some gentleman, known as El Moro Valiente, who practises brigandage in the neighbourhood of Tangier, was captured by the Government soldiers at a moment when he was merely buying food in the market-place in most peaceful fashion. His brother, who seems also to be a brigand in his spare time, was anxious to effect his release, and hit upon the only effective way. In all probability, he arranged that the men who went with the officers should lead them into an ambush and then scuttle. He has carried the officers off, and now a little waiting will bring him his reward and recoup his modest outlay on board and lodging. The British Government says to the Sultan, "Give us back our officers; the fact that you cannot control your brigands has nothing to do with us." The Sultan says to his Resident in Tangier, "Get these people back for us at any price." The Resident sends to the brigands a message that may be paraphrased in two words, "How much?" The reply to this is, "Give us back our brother brigand," and doubtless he will be given back.

Princess Louise of Coburg.

The life of Princess Louise of Coburg will doubtless provide many a future romancist with excellent material, for she has a very striking Royal personality. It will be remembered that her escape, by motor-car, from the kind of private lunatic asylum where she had been confined by her husband's orders set all the world talking, and now she is once more being eagerly discussed by the Chancelleries of Europe. Her Royal Highness is still a beautiful woman, though her marriage to her cousin, Prince Ferdinand of Coburg, took place just thirty years ago, she being then seventeen. In Brussels she is still popular, and much sympathy is openly expressed for her. Her sister, the Crown Princess Stéphanie, has also taken her part in the many painful dissensions which have arisen between her husband, her father, King Leopold, and herself, and it is said she may soon visit this country.

A Proposal to Change the City's Motto.

After complaining that his income has diminished since he first made the acquaintance of the bulls, bears, and other fearsome beasts that lurk in the neighbourhood of the Stock Exchange, a correspondent suggests that the motto of the City of London should be changed. He feels that certain financial magnates have translated "Domine Dirige Nos" correctly yet irreverently, and have followed their translation too closely. He has had enough of Lords as directors.

Liane de Pougy as Author.

Liane de Pougy, the beauty of the Paris music-halls, has written another book. It is astonishing how these ladies, whose photographed smile is the mainstay of the Boulevard kiosk, disport themselves in literature. It was Yvette-Yvette of the *chanson réaliste* who dipped her pen in the ink of the and indited the *amourette* of a café-concert.



THE COBURG DIVORCE CASE: PRINCESS LOUISE OF COBURG.

Prince Philip of Coburg's suit for a separation from his wife, and for the adjustment of their property and interests, began before the Civil Court at Gotha on Monday of last week. Counsel representing the parties agreed on an arrangement, and it was decided that the decree should be pronounced by the Court without the guilt of either party being established.

Photograph by Koller Karoly.

of having "lived": you get your knowledge first-hand. When lovely woman stoops to conquer in the literary field, you may be certain of revelations. La Belle Otero has not yet joined the ranks of the biographic novelist. She has simply contented herself, heretofore, with a little ballooning. Perhaps her next *ballon d'essai* will be a "yellow-back."

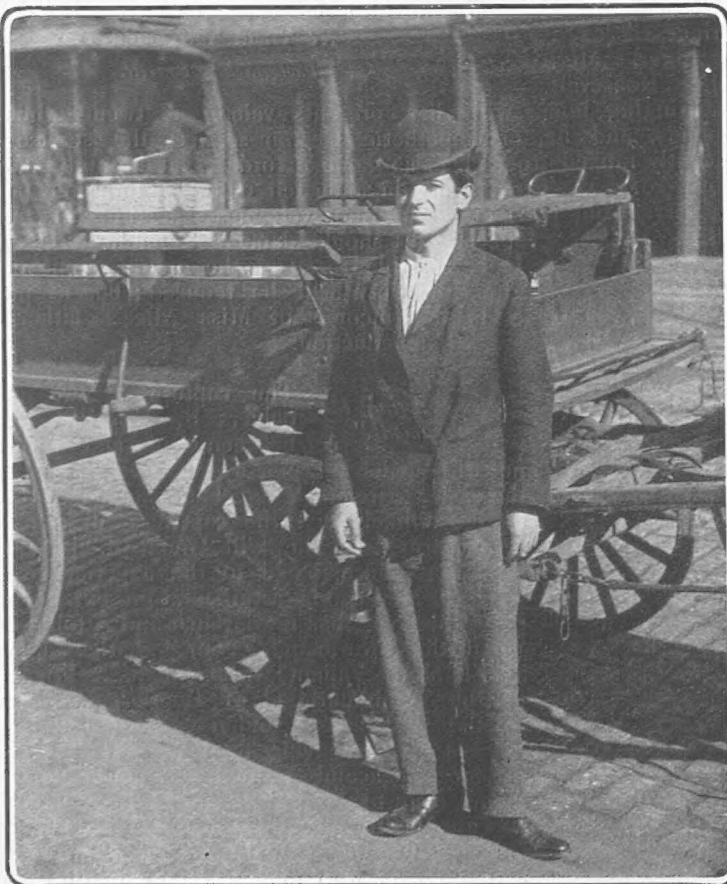
A Uniform for the French Minister for War.

The French Army is governed, as all the world knows, by a member of the Paris Stock Exchange, just as the Foreign Office is directed by a financier. But M. le Ministre de la Guerre is chagrined by the fact that there is no Ministerial uniform to don on the days of military reviews. Promenading in his evening-dress, in the midst of officers in all the panoply of war, he has the air—has he not?—of a "maitre d'hôtel." Now a tailor has taken pity on the undressed Minister, and contrived a uniform which is calculated to knock the eye of the smartest sub. But if it comes to be, can you not imagine the cries of "Napoléon!" when M. Berteaux goes abroad? Rather! They are like that in Paris, where you must not be too well-dressed if you want to count as a Republican.

The Vlaamsch-Pijpenrookers.

A parliament of smokers which was organised at Laeken by a society which rejoices in the name of the Vlaamsch-Pijpenrookers has ended in the victory of one Frank Kos in the principal contest. Mr. Kos has, in short, established a record by keeping his pipe alight for three hours and seven minutes without asking for a second match. The second in this competition was Mr. Mertens, who kept his alight for two hours and fifty-nine minutes; and the third was Mr. Bruyneel, who smoked without a break for two hours and three-quarters. It is evident

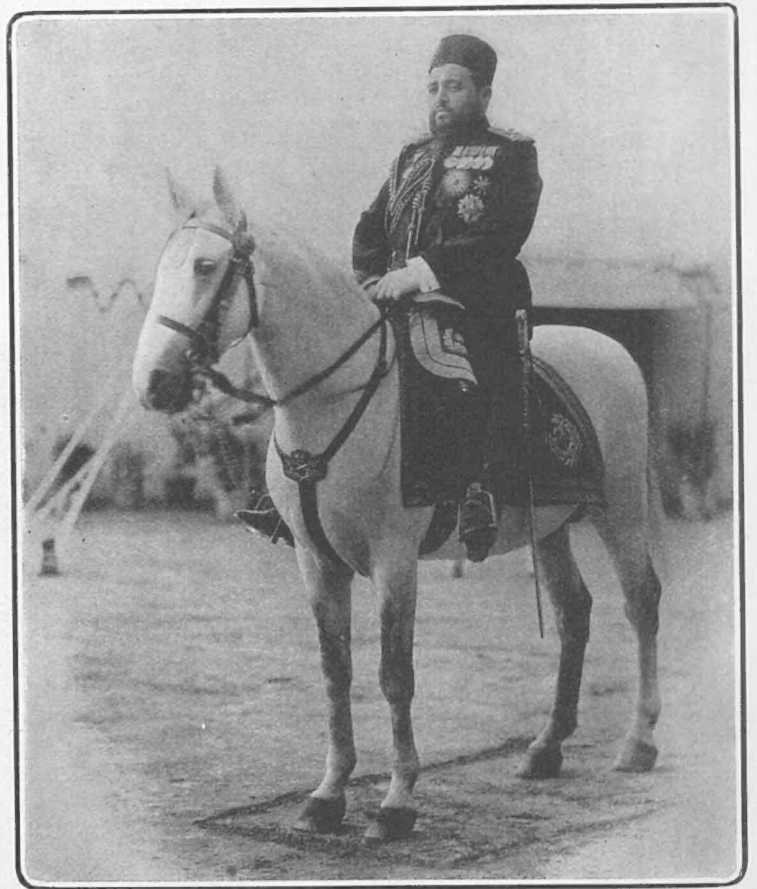
that the Dutch have not lost the art of smoking the huge pipes with which they have always been credited in novels and on the stage.



A CARUSO FOUND IN THE STREETS: ISAAC ROUTMAN, ALIAS RAPHAEL CARUSKE, AS HE WAS WHEN DISCOVERED BY DR. H. HOLBROOK CURTIS.

Isaac Routman, a Polish street-seller of the New York Bowery, is to win fame and fortune as a tenor, if experts are not deceived. He was discovered by Dr. Holbrook Curtis, an authority on the voice, and it is the opinion of Mlle. Fritz Scheff that he will equal Caruso and de Reszke. She, indeed, has given him his stage-name, Caruske, a combination of Caruso and de Reszke, "for," she says, "he will equal them both"; and it is under her manager, Mr. Charles Dillingham, that he is to be educated for the operatic stage, starting in the chorus of "Mlle. Modiste." Routman is three-and-twenty, and Dr. Curtis first heard him when he was trying voices for the Studio Evening Club.

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THE "LIGHT OF UNION AND RELIGION" STANDS FOR HIS PHOTOGRAPH FOR THE FIRST TIME: HIS HIGHNESS HABIBULLAH KHAN, AMIR OF AFGHANISTAN.

His Highness is the eldest son of the late Abdur Rahman Khan, and succeeded to the throne on the death of his father in October 1901. He is an astute, clever ruler, a lover of peace, a strict follower of Islam, one who endeavours to live up to his title, Zia-ul-Milat-i-wadin (Light of Union and Religion). It will be remembered that his eldest son, Sardar Inayatullah Khan, who was born in 1888, visited India last cold season, and was much impressed by what he saw there, announcing his intention of seeing it again as soon as opportunity permits. The Amir is very fond of horses and of shooting.

Photograph by Johnston and Hoffmann.



A QUEEN WHOSE SALARY HAS BEEN RAISED BY THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT: QUEEN RANAVALO OF MADAGASCAR.

Queen Ranaivalo has just realised one of the dearest ambitions of her life by visiting Paris. On the same occasion she had the felicity of learning that the French Government had decided to increase her allowance of 30,000 francs by 20,000 francs. No doubt in celebration of this her dusky Majesty did a good deal of shopping in Lutetia.

dowered him with many endearing and ennobling names. It will be remembered that Lord and Lady Ranfurly entertained, in magnificent fashion, the Prince and Princess of Wales during their Colonial tour.

The Sculptor of the Moment.

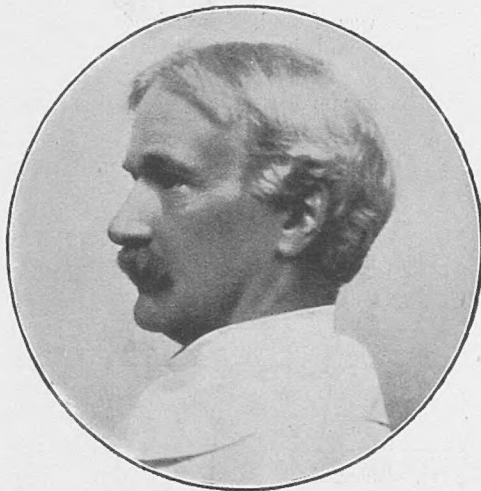
After Cromwell, Gladstone! A fine record for a British sculptor, but Mr. W. Hamo Thornycroft deserves all the success he has won in his difficult field of art. Exactly thirty years have gone by since the artist who has dowered London with so many fine monuments won the Royal Academy gold medal, and from that day he has never looked back. A fine, powerful-looking man, he has had the great good-fortune of health granted him, and his powers of work have been, and still are on occasions, prodigious. He comes of a long line of artists, and so has a love of beauty in his blood. It seems fitting that the sculptor chosen to do the John Bright statue should have had London's Gladstone monument confided to him, but some will feel it to be an irony of fate that Mr. Thornycroft wrought the moving counterfeit presentment of General Gordon now in Trafalgar Square.

The Queen-Poet.

Many Queens have written verse, from Mary Queen of Scots onwards, but none have devoted their lives to literature in the same sense as has "Carmen Sylva," the still beautiful, white-haired, Royal Poet of Roumania. Her Majesty is a worker in the most serious sense of the word. She spends long hours at her writing-table, and, not content with producing masterpieces, she delights in reading and in appreciating those of others. Many great writers have stayed with her in the fairy-like

A Colonising Peer.

Lord Ranfurly, whose portrait we publish on another page, is one of those Peers to whom the Mother Country owes much. Not content with having been the most justly popular of our Colonial Governors, he has himself invested a large sum in Victoria, and at one time he worked hard at fruit-growing on the banks of the lovely Murray River. In fact, he was once cleverly described as "one of those men who can plough a field one day and act as Lord-in-Waiting to his Sovereign the next." Lord Ranfurly is specially beloved by the Maoris, whose cause he has persistently upheld, and that over the whole term of his Governorship. The Chiefs of this remarkable branch of the Polynesians have elected him one of themselves, and have



SCULPTOR OF THE STRAND'S STATUE OF GLADSTONE: MR. HAMO THORNYCROFT, R.A.

Mr. Hamo Thornycroft's statue of Gladstone is to be unveiled in the Strand on the fourth of next month. Lord Spencer was to have presided at the ceremony, but it is doubtful whether his health will permit this. The Duke of Devonshire will certainly attend it.

Summer Palace where she and the King spend all their spare time, and Pierre Loti wrote a charming account of a sojourn made by him there some years ago. "Carmen Sylva" has paid more than one visit to England, and she greatly delighted the Welsh by being present at their national musical festival, the Eisteddfod.

Dana Gibson, Art Student.

The Gibson Girl, long-waisted, elaborately coiffured, and gliding, now exists only in the imagination, in editors' stock-books, in back-numbers of periodicals, on pictorial post-cards or calendars, and, in minor degree, on the musical-comedy stage. We saw the last of her in "Our Neighbours," and henceforward all new-comers will be



Photo. Langfer.

A POPULAR WEST COUNTRY HOSTESS: MRS. WASHINGTON SINGER, WIFE OF THE MASTER OF THE SOUTH DEVON HUNT.

The hostess of "Stearfield," Paignton, shares her husband's devotion for horses, but has also the essentially feminine hobby, needlework. Before her marriage, she was Blanche Wills-Hale, daughter of a popular soldier, a descendant of Sir Matthew Hale, one of the Merry Monarch's grimmest Lords Chief Justice.

the signature without which they are counterfeit. Briefly, Mr. Dana Gibson has abandoned her—the pen-and-ink girl, not her living representatives. For years she has brought him an income many a Cabinet Minister might break the Tenth Commandment about; now he feels that he has had enough of her, of her men-friends, her elderly and ugly chaperons, her mothers, her fathers, her sisters, her aunts, and her cousins, and is determined to realise an ambition he has long held, and throw aside the pen and the India-ink for the broader, deeper effects of the brush. For twenty years colour has called to him, and, aided by the only Magic Carpet that can compass it—did we dare, we should call it his pile-carpet—he is to visit Europe, and turn student again. Those who know his past work will not only wish him well in his work of the future, but will expect much of him. For, however much it may be argued that he has been given hitherto to the portrayal of one type or one set of types, it must be recognised that in those figures too often subordinated to the famous Girl he has shown very considerable knowledge and appreciation of character, by no means a valueless asset for a would-be portrait-painter.

A Pre-historic Miner.

When the new galleries of the Royal Museum of Natural History are opened in Brussels, one of the most interesting objects in them will be the skeleton of a prehistoric miner which was discovered in the chalk hills of Obourg in 1891. The explorers came upon a tunnel which had been made in the Stone Age by searchers for flints, and at the end of the gallery they found the skeleton of a prehistoric man who had been buried alive by a fall of the chalk. The skeleton of this ancient Belgian



THE QUEEN-POET: "CARMEN SYLVA" AT WORK.

While the majority of Royal personages have been mere patrons of literature, the Queen of Roumania, not content with the adoption of this attitude, has written much herself. Most of her works have been translated into English, but her most characteristic verse must be read in the original to be read with proper appreciation.



A TREE ON A STEEPLE: FISHTOFT CHURCH, NEAR BOSTON, AND ITS FAMOUS ELDER.

Photograph by Turner.

has been arranged in the exact position in which he was found, with the chalk and the flints and his primitive tools round him. The reconstitution is most cleverly done, and is likely to attract many to the Museum.

Paris and her Councillors' Visiting-Dress.

London had not the pleasure of seeing sixty foreign gentlemen in sixty foreign dress-suits alight upon the platform of the Gare de Charing—that is to say, of Charing Cross—the other afternoon. The Paris Councillors travelled in mufti, after all. Rumour in Gay Paree, which loves to “blague” its Municipal representatives, told of the purchase of checks (loud enough to play draughts on) and London “frocks,” in which to startle the good citizens of Outre-Manche; but, apparently, they thought better of it. There was no sign of anything but French—and very French—in the sartorial appearance of the Conseil Municipal when it took wing across the Straits.

Mixed Faiths and Fads.

Apropos, there was an amusing mix-up of faiths and fads in this visit of Civic Paris to Civic Londres. Red-hot Socialists “descended” “chez” the most blameless Conservatives, and a Nationalist was harboured by Mr. Sidney Webb, who is not that colour at all. Worse than that, a Revolutionary, who demonstrates to the tune of “No God, no Master,” wandered into the household of an Evangelical Churchman, where he was invited to repent in golden letters on his chamber-wall. And a rabid teetotaller took care of the digestion of a man who likes his “petit verre” (the sinner!) after meals. As neither could speak the other's language, the citizen of the Third Republic had to make mute appeal with his eyes when his host insisted on toasting M. Loubet in water. It was most pathetic. However, the *Entente* is not seriously endangered.

The City and General Booth.

To-morrow (Oct. 26) General Booth receives the Freedom of the City of London—no small triumph for “cory-bantic Christianity,” to use Professor Huxley's (or was it Professor Tyndall's?) famous phrase in those early days when the Salvation Army bands began to offend ears polite. The Grand Old Man is also to have the freedom of Nottingham, where he was born. His father was, curiously enough, a small house-jobber; perhaps he got at home his first notion of the housing problem. It is generally supposed that the British Army was deliberately taken as a model by Mr. Booth for his organisation, but this is a mistake. The idea of Christians as forming an army is very old, and is expressed in several familiar hymns. But the military *décor* of the Salvation Army grew naturally when Mr. Booth, rejected by the Wesleyan Conference, resolved upon an absolute form of government for his organisation, putting it “all under one hat,” and that hat his own. “Captain” was the first military title adopted, and that was really intended to be naval or nautical, to please some fishermen. “General” for Mr. Booth himself, which ought, on strict military analogy, to be

“Field-Marshal Commander-in-Chief” or “Generalissimo,” was the invention of Commissioner Cadman.

Sir Francis Burnand as Pantomime-Writer.

Drury Lane is evidently bent more keenly than ever on giving its annual proof that, like Todgers's, it can do it when it likes. To this end, Sir Francis Burnand has been commissioned to write the pantomime for it this year, aided in the manufacture, needless to say, by those equally able and older hands, Messrs. Hickory Wood and Arthur Collins. To have captured the Editor of *Punch* and persuaded him to produce a “book” of “Cinderella” is no mean achievement, and the result, judging by the past, should be a justification of the move. Unless we are mistaken, this is the first occasion on which Mr. Punch's stage-manager has undertaken work of the kind, but if knowledge of stage-craft, and the authorship of such burlesques and farces as “Ixion,” “Black-Eyed Susan,” “Paw Clawdian,” and “Cox and Box” count for anything, he should be happy in his new rôle. It may be recalled also that he is the librettist of “The Chieftain,” for which Sir Arthur Sullivan composed the music.

“Pow-wows” on Shakspeare.

The London Shakspeare League arranged for yesterday afternoon and evening (Oct. 24) two great “pow-wows” on how Shakspeare should be played on the modern stage. Up to the time of going to press we have not received the official list of casualties, but we fear they will be heavy. Mr. Henry “Author” Jones could not come, and Mrs. Craigie was “billed” in his place, but perhaps she will forgive us for saying that Mr. Bernard Shaw, who was down for both meetings, was the principal “draw.” The prospect of a collision of the “Shawian” mind with, say, Mr. Stewart Headlam's or Mr. William Poel's, Dr. Furnivall's or Mr. Sidney Lee's, could not fail to attract. What a pity Mr. W. T. Stead could not be there! And we miss, too, the gentle Marie of Stratford, the modern Swan of Avon; while Mr. Hall Caine should certainly have been dragged away from Drury Lane to represent the Divine William in the flesh.

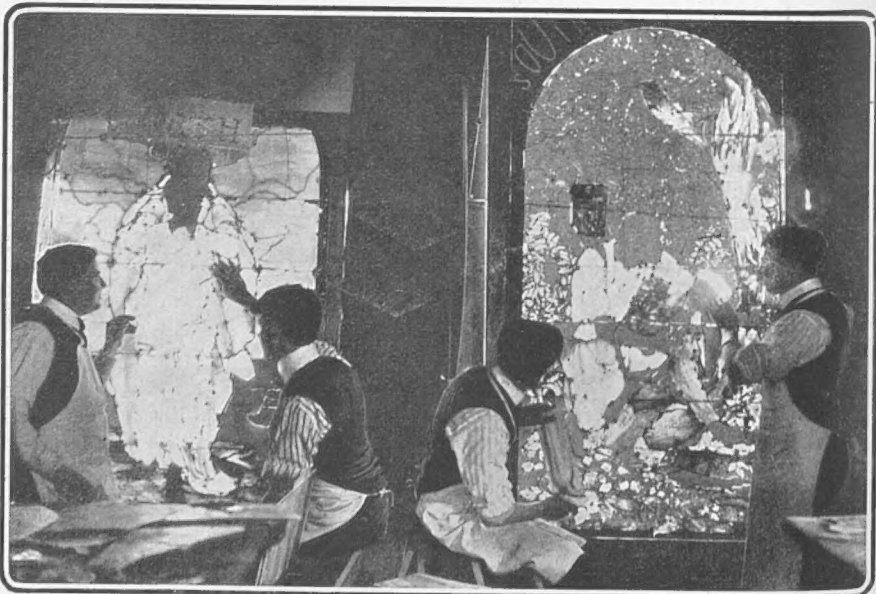
“Who Stole de Chickun?”

In the Southern States of America it is an axiom that when a fowl is stolen the culprit is a negro, and a glance at any American comic paper will show that this is universally accepted as a truth. This summer the State of Kentucky passed a very stringent “chicken-stealing” law threatening all sorts of terrible pains and penalties against the robbers of hen-roosts. Then the Kentuckians sat down to wait for a negro to make an example of, but, by some unfortunate mischance, the first chicken-stealer who was caught turned out to be a white man and a farmer. This is a most perplexing reversal of the proper order of things, and Kentucky is much put out over it. The best thing that the Kentuckians can do is to pass another law enacting that the first capture shall not count and that the game has not yet begun.



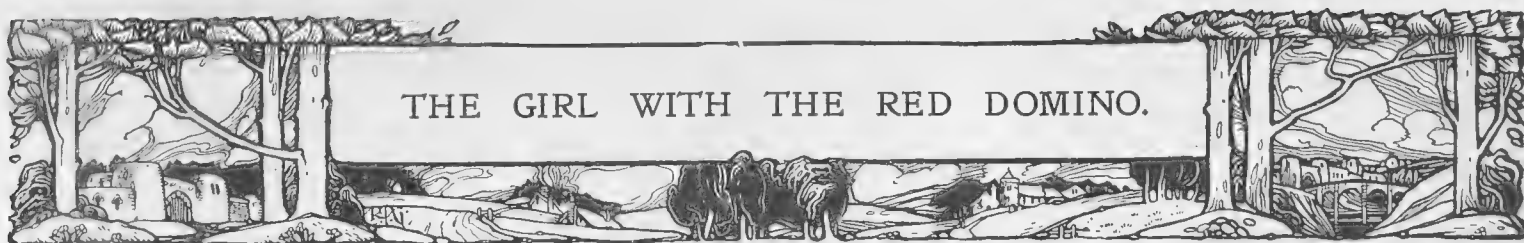
HENRY IRVING'S FATHER AND TWO OF HIS AUNTS.

Samuel Brodribb, Henry Irving's father, seems, from all accounts, to have been a man of indecision, and there is little doubt that Irving inherited most of his strength of character from his mother, a Behenna, one of six sisters.



SAINTS IN THE MAKING: THE MANUFACTURE OF STAINED GLASS AT TIFFANY'S, NEW YORK.

Photograph by G. G. Bain.



THE MASKED DANCER WHO IS CREATING A SENSATION IN PARIS.

"Le Domino Rouge," as she is "billed" on the programme of the Casino de Paris, where she is appearing at the moment, is a dancer of considerable ability, but there can be no doubt that the strict incognito she has maintained has had something to do with her success. Not only does she wear her red mask when on the stage, but she dons it for driving in the Bois, for dining at popular restaurants, and for playgoing. Her first appearance as a "living mystery" was at the New York Roof Garden last summer, when she was known as "The Girl with the Red Domino," and it is said that she will come to London after her season in Paris.

Photograph by Sarony.

MY MORNING PAPER.



By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

LOOKING through "situations vacant" in my morning paper the other day, I noticed that there was a vacancy for what was described as "a gentleman premium pupil," in a high-class engineering and autocar works. There was, perhaps, nothing remarkable in this bald statement, but the sentence that followed seemed to be a remarkably hopeful one. It ran as follows: "Thorough good technical and moral training." What more charming sign of the times can we possibly hope to see? When the "gentleman premium pupil" enters upon his work, I can see him, in my imagination, breaking off from the rather menial tasks that are given to pupils in engineering works, even if they are of the "gentleman premium" kind, and hurrying off to some less-frequented corner of the building to receive his moral training. I should have wondered where moral training and engineering were coupled had it not been for the magic word "autocar." Now, of course, I know.

Moral Engineering.

recreation with the autocar to run down pedestrians, even though they be neither gentlemen nor premium-payers. The nervous old woman who frequently gets in the way of the car, through sheer fear of being run over, will be safe from the moral product of this enterprising firm; and when, at last, he has been taught to refrain from taking human life, I see the moral training extending, and imagine him reaching those lofty heights from which the gentleman engineer of the autocar looks with a kindly and tolerant eye upon dogs, cats, babies, chickens, and other trifles that stand between his machine and its right to complete possession of the roadway. I hope the day will come when every establishment for the manufacture of autocars will have its moral department. Perhaps the Church might be persuaded to institute examinations and grant certificates, and then, when Police-Constable 999 X. declares that the chauffeur has been travelling down the road at the rate of sixty miles an hour, the production of a certificate testifying that the accused has satisfied the examiners of his moral state will be sufficient to exonerate him and to indict the constable for willing and malicious perjury. In the course of time, the saints of a family will find it hard to choose between the Church and the engineering and autocar works when they are about to embark upon their life's work.

Bloomsbury's Progress.

The value of competition is generally acknowledged, and the effects thereof spread with a rapidity that would make the most malignant microbe yet discovered feel discontented with its own capacities. But who would have looked for change in that most conservative corner of London, Bloomsbury, home of the British Museum? We are solemnly assured that pneumatic-tubes are to be introduced into the Library, home of ancient peace, and in future, when you or I go in search of knowledge, we shall not be left to choose between sending our tickets

on before us and waiting an hour or so while our books are coming to us in their own placid fashion. No, we shall give our list in, and, hey, presto! the papers will be transmitted each to its proper floor, the books will be collected, and before we have time to forget the object of our mission the works of reference will be on the table.

There is Air.

I suppose the authorities are afraid that the pursuit of their ancient methods can no longer be indulged in with safety at a time when there is a revolution in Library Land, and something like a Reign of Terror has set in for the owners of the quiet circulating establishments where the patrons searching vainly from shelf to shelf for a novelty seemed to be the only things that circulated. I hope that, since the British Museum authorities have decided to become up-to-date, they will see their way to supply yet another long-felt want in the Reading Room, and that is fresh air. Those of us who have a measure of leisure would place a proper allowance of oxygen above pneumatic-tubes. It is a fine thing to get books quickly; it is even a better thing to have good air as an aid to their study.

A Really Grand Duke.

I have considerable pity to spare for the Grand Duke Cyril, should he stand in any need of it. I have followed this young gentleman's public career with more than common interest, not altogether without reward. People may remember that when the Russo-Japanese War was raging, and the *Petropavlovsk* was blown up by a Japanese mine in April of last year, the Grand Duke Cyril was on the bridge of the unfortunate vessel. Not feeling quite comfortable there, he jumped into the sea, found a piece of wreckage, and embraced it for some twenty minutes, when a torpedo-boat picked him up.

In recognition of this gallant behaviour, his cousin the Czar presented him with a gold sword with the inscription "For valour." Some of us, in our degraded state of ignorance, may have failed to realise the full valour of the Grand Ducal exploit, and the only explanation possible is that the young hero mistook the wreckage for a wounded sailor and endeavoured to save its life. They say that there were few total abstainers on the *Petropavlovsk*.

Imperial Inconsistency.

Now, just because the Grand Duke has made a clandestine marriage with his cousin, the divorced wife of the Grand Duke of Hesse, the Czar has condemned him to be deprived of his Orders and other honours, and to be exiled from Russia. Many fair-minded people will be of opinion that the Grand Duke Cyril has shown even greater bravery on land than at sea, and that, if he received one gold sword for jumping off a wreck, he should have received at least three for his latest exhibition of valour. But it is notorious that Russia is very badly administered, and the rest of Europe should be proud to enjoy the monopoly of the Grand Ducal presence henceforth and for all the time of his sojourn upon this highly honoured planet.



Lord Ranfurly.

A BRITISH NOBLEMAN AS A MAORI WARRIOR: LORD RANFURLY WEARING A CHIEF'S MAT AND FEATHER.

Lord Ranfurly is much beloved by the Maoris, of whose cause he was a strong upholder during his term of office as Governor of New Zealand, and he is one of their chieftains. His Lordship, who presided at the Nelson Centenary Dinner at the Criterion, has just taken a house in Pont Street, where he will stay with Lady Ranfurly until after the marriage of their daughter, Lady Constance Knox, to Mr. Milnes-Gaskell.

Photograph supplied by Agnes G. Murphy. (See "Small Talk of the Week.")

NEW PHOTOGRAPHS OF OLD FAVOURITES.



1. MISS LOUIE FREEAR, WHO IS TOURING AS THE MARCHIONESS IN A DRAMATIC VERSION OF "THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP."

4. MR. IAN ROBERTSON AS STEPHEN, BISHOP AND KING OF THE BALKANS, IN "FOR THE CROWN," AT THE SCALA.

3. MR. NORMAN FORBES AS LAUNCELOT GOBBO IN "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE," AT THE GARRICK.

2. MME. ELEONORA DE CISNEROS, WHO IS APPEARING WITH MUCH SUCCESS AT COVENT GARDEN.

5. MISS EVELYN MILLARD, WHO IS PLAYING LILIAN TREMBLETT IN "THE PERFECT LOVER," AT THE IMPERIAL.

Photographs 1 by Campbell and Gray; 2, by Elliott and Fry; 3 and 4, by Window and Grove; and 5, by Bassano.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

"THE PERFECT LOVER"—"THE WILD DUCK"—"SHERLOCK HOLMES."

THE success of the play facetiously called "The Walls of Sutro" has been great enough to render its author for a time at least the interesting figure among our dramatists, particularly when coupled with the well-circulated statement that he has been attempting for years to obtain a real hearing. The two light pieces that followed need hardly to be taken into account, so it is "The Perfect Lover" (at the Imperial Theatre) which may be regarded as the successor to the playwright's popular attack on fashionable Society. It appears to show that Mr. Sutro takes himself and his art seriously, and is anxious to paint the real human life of to-day: to this it may be answered that in one scene he introduces some chattering women, apparently to gratify the desires of the ladies to see gorgeous gowns, and also to give the public some food for laughter if necessary by material out of keeping with the play. This matter, even if it be a concession, and not a mere failure of judgment on the part of Mr. Sutro, is far from serious. Consequently one may regard the comedy as a sincere, thoughtful, courageous piece of work. Unfortunately, it makes one feel rather afraid that the new dramatist sees problems rather than people. There is no dull moment in the piece, the situations are effective, and the problems interesting; and for these things we may well be grateful, but we have not passed the evening with real men and women. Indeed, on looking back after a very few days, one feels that the figures are quite shadowy—in fact, only remembers them by re-collecting the individuality of the players. One recalls Joe as Mr. Waller in a part giving little scope for use of his remarkable gifts, though acting with power and judicious restraint as well; the image of Miss Evelyn Millard, a most charming, intelligent actress, is all that remains of Lilian, the invertebrate heroine, of Miss Millard mournful, and Miss Millard earnestly praying for freedom; and one might thus go through the list and never come upon a character that as character is at all noteworthy; nevertheless, the people of the play are not supposed to be ordinary, common-place folk. I am not blaming the Company for a moment. They gave an excellent performance, and at times made a great impression upon the audience.

The point raised is vital. Subject and problem are of enormous importance in plays of modern life, and Mr. Sutro shows courage and power of invention and treatment in relation to both. He succeeds also in building good acting parts, or rather, perhaps, in contriving strong acting scenes for his persons; yet unless he can succeed in painting people vividly these qualities are almost like the Christian virtues ungraced by Charity. His problems are likely to interest and amuse Society. Ought Lilian to have eloped with Cardew; should Joe have permitted her to do so; was Miss Lesson culpable in aiding; was Walter fatuous in buying the clothes in advance for the elopement (they might have sacrificed their tickets and gone via Paris, where, I am told, clothes can be bought for ladies); why did Lilian permit Cardew to make the needless sacrifice of the estates; what right had a peer who, by strange accident, has full dominion over the family property to sell it for a song in order to gratify a lady, or did he sell it as a kind of purchase-money for her, and was not that an insult? That is one batch, quite incomplete, of discussable problems, since a vast number will not accept the orthodox answers. Another collection can be found in relation to Joe's conduct concerning the contract and its destruction—for a strong case can be made against the view which, I presume, the author takes, that the journalist acted rightly in refusing the fortune: it is, at least, arguable that the heroic (?) conduct was

based on vanity and bad temper. It ought to be mentioned that excellent performances were given by Miss Olive, Miss Henrietta Watson, and Messrs. McKinnel, Mills, and Arthur Lewis, and also that the audience was delighted by play and performance.

Probably to the general public the names of the cast in "The Perfect Lover" would suggest a far stronger Company than that which appears in "The Wild Duck," yet there can be no doubt that the acting seemed far better at the Court than at the Imperial, not necessarily because of greater ability on the part of the players, but for the reason that the characters are more vividly drawn; it is another proof of the proposition that parts are more apt to create players than players parts. With but one important exception, where the acting was quite colourless, the people of the strange, painfully comic or comically painful comedy remain clear images. Since each of us contains to some extent all men, the quality of truth even in such strange creatures appeals to us, and, though the whole of the group is outside our range of observation, we are convinced that Gregers,

Hjalmar, and the rest exist. I see that one critic has called the entertainment dull, and alleges that the audience hardly laughed; he may have found it dull—its dullness may have so dulled his senses that he did not hear the laughter which I heard. Of course, what seems dull to A. may interest and thrill B., and I have been bored almost to death by entertainments which have caused roars of laughter. "The Wild Duck," with its fierce, satirical humour, which the critic whom I refer to asserts, on grounds unimaginable to me, was unintentional on the part of its author, has passed beyond the range of criticism, and outside England has reached something like popularity, particularly, I believe, in Italy. Certainly I would advise people to run the risk of being bored: they may belong to the happy number capable of being interested, amused, thrilled, and touched by it; and the acting would redeem a far duller play. Certainly the Hjalmar of Mr. Granville Barker is a brilliant picture of the shallow, vain, selfish photographer—indeed, there are astonishing moments when he shows the passion and the anguish of a weak, self-conscious man; and the Gregers of Mr. Scott Buist, though a little lacking in specific character,

is very able. Little Miss Dorothy Minto is quite delightful as poor Hedvig, a difficult part rendered perfectly; and Miss Agnes Thomas is rich in humour as Gina, though a trifle too common and uncoquettish. Mr. Matheson Lang, the Relling, made a hit by a striking piece of work. From my observation of the audience, I should say that, if somewhat puzzled at times, it certainly was deeply interested. Playgoers would be less puzzled, if at all, were they to ignore the suggestions that the play is symbolical: the speeches of one character have a secondary meaning and the play has a kind of inner life, but can well be understood if all save Gregers' speeches be taken literally.

Perhaps some will imagine that Sir Conan Doyle and Mr. Gillette are unaware of the humours of "Sherlock Holmes," which replaces "Clarice" at the Duke of York's. At any rate, the audience did not find the popular melodrama dull, and the revival seems likely to enjoy great success, even if people sometimes laughed in the wrong place. Of course, there is nothing new to be said about the play, which is excellently presented by Mr. Gillette, an ideal Sherlock, with a strong Company, a charming leading lady—Miss Marie Doro, an excellent Moriarty—Mr. George Sumner, and all the old effects.



THE NEW SHYLOCK AND THE NEW PORTIA IN PRIVATE LIFE: MR. AND MRS. ARTHUR BOURCHIER INDULGING IN A GOOD MORNING'S WORK.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery.

Some Social Pests.



XI.—THE SUBURBANITE: A SUNDAY MORNING STUDY.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

HOUSEHOLD GODS.

III.—EARL NELSON.—“TRAFALGAR,” SALISBURY, WILTSHIRE.

SPECIALLY WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED FOR “THE SKETCH.”

THE present head of the illustrious house that claims so great a measure of public attention at the moment is Horatio Nelson, who in the light of many honours is Earl Nelson and Viscount Merton and Trafalgar, as well as Baron Nelson of the Nile, and of Hilborough, in Norfolk. He became third Earl of the house seventy years ago, when he was no more than twelve years old, and lives to-day, in the retirement befitting his great age, at his country seat, “Trafalgar,” situated near Salisbury, in Wiltshire. Needless, perhaps, to remark that his home is full of souvenirs and relics of the great sailor whom one and all have delighted to honour in the past few days.

It is no light task in a house so full of records to make choice of the most remarkable, but at a time like the present it is easy to deal with them almost as they come to hand, with the full assurance that their interest is too great to be overlooked. “Trafalgar,” of course, boasts a Nelson Room, and here most of the relics of the great sailor are to be found. Their arrangement has been studied with all possible care. The privileged visitor can see many souvenirs that tell their silent but intimate story of the side of the Admiral's life that is not readily accessible to the student of the earliest history of the nineteenth century. The private life of a public man should be his own, but in the fierce light that shone upon Nelson all those with whom he came into contact were illuminated.

There are one or two striking portraits of the Admiral's forbears, including one of Catherine, his mother, who died in 1767, and one or two of the Rev. Edmund Nelson, his father, rector of Burnham Thorpe, in Norfolk. There are gold and silver vases, one silver one of beautiful workmanship having been presented to the Admiral by merchants of the Levant. It is not hard to realise why such a presentation was made. When Nelson held sway in the Mediterranean, it was possible for merchantmen to put to sea with a fair sporting chance of reaching their destination. Marine insurance was not within the reach of shipowners, and privateering was popular. This pastime seems to have borne the same relation to piracy that agnosticism bears to atheism, and in this connection it will be remembered that an agnostic has been defined as an atheist in a silk hat.

On the north side of the Nelson Room there are various portraits of Lord Nelson, together with the sofa, table, and chair taken from his cabin on the *Victory*. There is also a pedestal made of part of a mast from the same ship. Over the mantelpiece, with its Worcester plates, its glass brought from the *Victory* cabin, and its two Nelson jugs, the Admiral's last signal is set

letter. This well-known signal will doubtless remind Britons of the war-cry with which Admiral Togo went to battle in the Straits of Tsu Shima only a few months ago, and just one hundred years after Trafalgar. Strange coincidence that the Island Empire of the East should repeat history in such striking fashion.

A case of bronzes in the Nelson Room is certain to attract attention, and is found to include several representations of the Admiral himself, together with one of those rare medals struck by the great Napoleon to commemorate his proposed descent upon England in 1803. Upon it one reads the words, “Frappez à Londres,” and underneath one reads the words, “The Desolator Desolate.” Here, surely, is matter for a most striking sermon, to say nothing of obvious reflections upon the changes that a century has wrought.

On another side of the Nelson Room at Trafalgar House one sees a portrait of Burnham Thorpe Rectory, and beneath it, on the right-hand side, a sketch by Romney of Lady Hamilton. There are one or two other pictures of less interest, and one sees one of Lord Nelson's telescopes and a cane he sometimes carried. In this corner of the room is the last chair he used.

In another corner we find a finely painted miniature belonging to the Viscountess, two medals struck to commemorate the victory of the Nile on Aug. 1, 1798, one of these having been worn by the Admiral himself, a very charming miniature by Cosway, and a locket given by Lord Nelson to Lady Hamilton in 1796, in acknowledgment of the valuable assistance she gave him by obtaining information from the Queen of Naples about the secret agreement made between France and Spain. There is also a lock of his hair set in a locket, with a small

note with more than passing interest the three stars that were always worn on all the uniform-coats, and the small seal that he used at Copenhagen. This seal was valued by its owner, who wrote home in 1803 expressing his regret at its loss. The Patriotic Fund

Vase was given to William, first Earl Nelson, as an heirloom. On the four sides are inscriptions, with the names of four great battles—St. Vincent, Nile, Copenhagen, Trafalgar.

In other parts of the house there are numerous portraits of the hero, of which the greater number were taken in the latter days of his life; one and all are very well preserved.

The Nelson family comes from Norfolk, and the first Earl, who was second Baron Nelson, and second Duke of Bronté, was Prebendary of Canterbury and elder brother of Horatio. The second Earl

was the son of the Admiral's brother-in-law, Thomas Bolton. The present heir to the Earldom is Herbert Horatio, Viscount Trafalgar, of Braydon House, Malmesbury, who is now in his fifty-sixth year.



NELSON'S FATHER: A SILHOUETTE PORTRAIT OF THE REV. EDMUND NELSON, RECTOR OF BURNHAM THORPE, NORFOLK.



NELSON'S FATHER: THE REV. EDMUND NELSON, RECTOR OF BURNHAM THORPE, NORFOLK.



A MARBLE BUST OF NELSON BY FRANZ THALLER AND MATTHIAS RANSON—DATED “VIENNA. MDCLII” (A “C” OMITTED BY MISTAKE).

out in flags in fashion of the code that was used on the fateful 21st October. The signal stands above the flags—“England expects every man to do his duty”—the last word being spelt out letter by

HOUSEHOLD GODS.

III.—EARL NELSON.—“TRAFALGAR,” SALISBURY, WILTSHIRE.



1. The mantelpiece over which Nelson's last signal is displayed in miniature flags, showing also Worcester plates, a glass supposed to have come from the cabin of the "Victory," and two Nelson jugs.
2. A portrait of Catherine Suckling, Nelson's mother, and sister of Captain Maurice Suckling, Horatio Nelson's first Captain and patron.
3. The Nelson Room at "Trafalgar," showing one of Nelson's telescopes, one of his canes, and the last chair he sat on.
4. The stars of Joachim, the Bath, and the Crescent, worn by Nelson on his uniform-coats.
5. Bronzes of Nelson, and, beneath them, the medal struck by Napoleon to commemorate his proposed descent upon England in 1803, and bearing the inscription "Frappez à Londres."

6. A miniature belonging to Viscountess Nelson, two Nile medals, of which one was worn by Nelson, a miniature by Cosway, and a lock of Nelson's hair, accompanied by his autograph written with the left hand.
7. The Patriotic Fund Vase, presented to William, first Earl Nelson, as an heirloom, and bearing on its four sides the names of Nelson's four greatest battles—and for Trafalgar the motto, "Satis inquit vixi Invictus enim morior."
8. A copy of the portrait of Nelson that formed the frontispiece for Sir William Beatty's "An Authentic Narrative of the Death of Lord Nelson."
9. The silver cup presented to Nelson by the Company of English merchants trading in the Levant, and inscribed with the name of all the vessels captured at the Nile.

AN EXCHANGE FOR PINK RATS.



MAJOR MACTOPER (*suffering from "nerves," has gone to the country to try the "rest cure," and has come across a rabbit-farm*):
Great Scott! Rabbits this time!

DRAWN BY G. D. ARMOUR.

RATHER TOO MUCH TO EXPECT.



SHIPWRECKED MARINER (to the native who is showing his friendship by rubbing noses in the usual native way): Look 'ere, I don't mind you makin' me a King or a Hemperor, but I'm 'anged if I'll be a bloomin' pocket'an'kercher.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

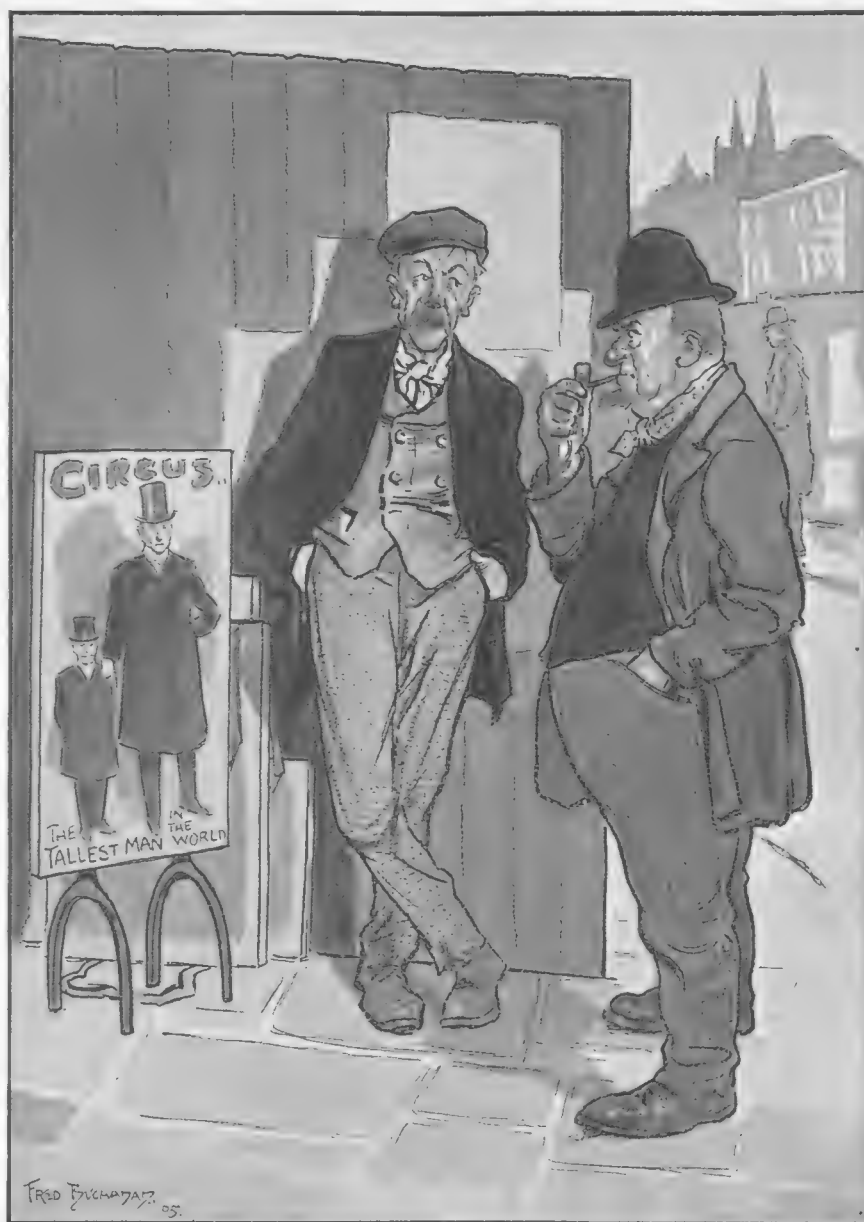
ONE of the most valuable and entertaining autobiographies of the season is certainly that of Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, which Messrs. Chapman and Hall have published in two volumes, entitled "My Life: A Record of Events and Opinions." Dr. Wallace occupies in science a place of his own. On one side he ranks among the highest of our accredited naturalists. He will be remembered for ever as the discoverer almost simultaneously with Darwin of the doctrine of Natural Selection. As the author of "The Malay Archipelago," "Darwinism," "The Geographical Distribution of Animals," and other works, his place is quite unassailable. On the other side, Dr. Wallace has identified himself with causes that are at present unpopular. Romanes, in a rather ill-natured paragraph, spoke of "The Wallace of spiritualism and astrology, the Wallace of vaccination and the Land question, the Wallace of incapacity and absurdity." These words have evidently rankled in a mind by no means resentful or given to animosity, and Dr. Wallace has not spared his critic. Astrology Dr. Wallace never professed any belief in, but he advocates land nationalisation. He believes in spiritualism, and he is strongly opposed to vaccination. His views on these subjects are given at length, without misgiving and without hesitation. Whether Dr. Wallace will at the end of the day carry opinion with him on these debated questions it is not for me to predict.

What everyone who reads these volumes will observe is that Dr. Wallace is a redoubtable fighter. He has a singularly clear style, an extraordinary grasp of facts, and he is quite fearless and unprejudiced. Whether you agree with him or not, you can never ignore him. On his scientific associates he made a profound impression. Darwin he considered unduly sensitive. "It is really quite pathetic how much he felt differences of opinion from his friends." He suffered from the drawback of almost continual ill-health. Spencer he esteemed highly. He differed from him greatly on certain important matters, but he looked on him as a man of the highest intellectual powers. Though Huxley was kind and genial as a friend and companion, Dr. Wallace "never got over a feeling of awe and inferiority when discussing any problem in evolution or allied subjects—an inferiority which I did not feel either with Darwin or Sir Charles Lyell. This was due, I think, to the fact that an enormous amount of Huxley's knowledge was of a kind of which I possessed an irreducible minimum, and of which I often felt the want. In the general anatomy and physiology of the whole animal kingdom, living and extinct, Huxley was a master, the equal—perhaps the superior—of the greatest authorities on these subjects in the scientific world." Dr. Wallace had never had an hour's instruction in either of them, had never seen a dissection of any kind, and never had any inclination to practise the art himself. Of the United States and their future Dr. Wallace does not think altogether favourably. He considers that in America the prejudices, and even the vices, of the parent stock are developed in an exceptionally high degree. The struggle for wealth and power, in which only the few can succeed, while the many must fail, is accentuated, and there is usually no real merit, no

specially high intellectual or moral quality, in those that succeed. In a country more than twenty-five times the area of the British Islands, with everything necessary for support, with a population of over seventy-six millions, there are all the painful phenomena of older societies. Almost all the forests have been destroyed, the marvellous stores of natural oil and gas, as well as those of the precious metals, are being rapidly exhausted, and as a result there are overcrowded cities reeking with disease and vice, while the workers endure lives of excessive labour for a bare livelihood. Dr. Wallace, however, does not despair. Everywhere in America there are indications of a deep love of nature, a devotion to science and literature fully proportionate to that

of the older countries, while in inventiveness and in the application of science to human needs the Americans have long been in the first rank. Throughout these attractive pages Dr. Wallace's singularly upright and candid character reveals itself. The autobiography is a book of permanent value.

The mass of literature on Jane Austen has been increased recently by two volumes, one on "Jane Austen's Sailor Brothers," the other on "Jane Austen and her Times," by G. E. Mitton (Methuen). I am not sure that Miss Mitton's volume is quite justified. She worked, I believe, with Sir Walter Besant in his studies on London, and certainly she has accumulated illustrations of life as it was in Jane Austen's time. But she has added nothing whatever to our knowledge of Jane Austen, and her acknowledgments of debts to previous authors are not over-generous. Of her criticisms not much need be said. One sentence may be quoted: "In her later days George Eliot's tremendous ability, tremendous soul—and tremendous is the only English word that can be fitly applied to it—made her see so far round and over her own work, as well as allowing her a wide survey as to the causes and nature of things, that even the productions of her genius were analysed, curbed, and held in channels." Still, it is always pleasant to read of Jane Austen, and Miss Mitton has carefully and industriously collected much gossip. She has freely used Jane Austen's own letters. I do not attach much importance to Miss Mitford's gossip about Jane. Those who have studied Miss Mitford's letters know very well she is often malicious and very often inaccurate. I do not believe that Jane Austen in girlhood was "the brightest, silliest, most affected, husband-hunting butterfly" ever remembered by the old lady. Nor do I accredit the story that Jane "stiffened into the most perpendicular, precise, taciturn piece of single-blessedness that ever existed." Miss Mitton would do well to avoid such sentences as the following: "The elementary medical knowledge of her day was powerless to help her, though her life, humanly speaking, could probably have been prolonged if medical science had then known what it knows now." Those who wish to know about Jane Austen will do better to read the admirable, genial, and unpretentious book of Miss Constance Hill. It is, I believe, a mistake to suppose that there is nothing fresh to discover about Jane Austen. The sole justification of another book on the theme will be the publication of materials hitherto unused. o. o.



[DRAWN BY FRED BUCHANAN.]

"ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE."

First Gentleman of Leisure: "Nine foot two. Bloomin' tall."
 Second Gentleman of Leisure: "Oh, I dunno. Not so bloomin'."
 First Gentleman of Leisure: "Not so bloomin' be blowed!"

Jane Austen's own letters. I do not attach much importance to Miss Mitford's gossip about Jane. Those who have studied Miss Mitford's letters know very well she is often malicious and very often inaccurate. I do not believe that Jane Austen in girlhood was "the brightest, silliest, most affected, husband-hunting butterfly" ever remembered by the old lady. Nor do I accredit the story that Jane "stiffened into the most perpendicular, precise, taciturn piece of single-blessedness that ever existed." Miss Mitton would do well to avoid such sentences as the following: "The elementary medical knowledge of her day was powerless to help her, though her life, humanly speaking, could probably have been prolonged if medical science had then known what it knows now." Those who wish to know about Jane Austen will do better to read the admirable, genial, and unpretentious book of Miss Constance Hill. It is, I believe, a mistake to suppose that there is nothing fresh to discover about Jane Austen. The sole justification of another book on the theme will be the publication of materials hitherto unused. o. o.

A SAINT AMONG SINNERS.



PARSON: Well, John, I hear you distinguished yourself at the "Three Moons" last night by dancing among the glasses on the table. What did your friends think of the performance?

JOHN: They didn't see nowt of it.

PARSON: Indeed, and how was that?

JOHN: 'Cos they was underneath.

DRAWN BY GUNNING KING.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY AS THE ACTOR'S VALHALLA.



1. The Monument to John Philip Kemble, the Shaksperian Tragedian (1757—1823).
2. The Tablet in memory of Hannah Pritchard (1711—1768), a member of the Garrick Companies, and a famous Lady Macbeth.
3. Chantrey's Statue of Mrs. Siddons (1755—1831), the greatest of English actresses, in the St. Andrew's Chapel.
4. The Monument to David Garrick (1717—1779), whose grave is next to that of Henry Irving.
5. The Monument to Barton Booth (1681—1733), an actor favoured by Queen Anne, and famous for his performance in Addison's "Cato," his Ghost in "Hamlet," his Brutus, and his King Lear.
6. The Cloisters, where Thomas Betterton (1635—1710), the well-known actor of the Restoration Period, Spranger Barry (1710—1777), an Irish actor who was Garrick's rival for a time, and Mrs. Cibber (1714—1766), wife of Colley Cibber's son, Theophilus, and a member of Garrick's Companies, are buried.
7. The Tombstone of Anne Bracegirdle (1663—1748), Leading Actress of the Playwriting Days of Vanbrugh, Rowe, and Congreve.
8. Henry Irving's Last Resting-Place, in front of the Shakspeare Memorial, and next to the grave of David Garrick (A).

Among the actors not buried in the Abbey, but having monuments there, are Barton Booth, Mrs. Siddons, John Philip Kemble, her brother, and Hannah Pritchard.

Photographs by the Topical Press.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.



By HAROLD SIMPSON.

I FOUND Marietta, as always, under the apple-tree. The orchard was aglow with white and green, snowy blossoms overhead, green, waving grass below, from which the buttercups and daisies peeped out coyly. Daffodils here and there nodded their heads at you in a friendly way; "Spring, spring, spring!" they were calling in unmistakable tones. And, above all, there was Marietta. She completed the picture—nay, she made it. For what was the orchard, or the garden, or life itself to me at that time without Marietta? She did not blush at my approach, but many of the

blossoms grew gently pink with the excitement of anticipation.

Marietta herself was calm. I had often wondered how she came by that calmness which so ill accorded with her rippling name and her Italian parentage. "But my mother was English, you know," she had told me. And with that I was forced to rest content.

I knew no more about Marietta than this: She had come three weeks ago to the Cottage, and with her an elderly duenna. Unmistakably Italian, this duenna, on both the mother's and the father's side, but so old and so withered that one almost felt inclined to doubt whether she had ever had a mother and a father, such ages ago it must have been. A great part of my time during the three weeks had been devoted to shaking off the duenna, for she stuck very close. But this morning Marietta was alone.

"Marietta," I said—for to this three short weeks had brought me—"isn't the morning divine?"

"For England?" she questioned, with a little laugh.

"Ah! I had forgotten your father," I said.

"Say, rather, you have forgotten my mother," she amended. "Else how come you to call me Marietta? The mother in me cries out against such familiarity."

"And the father?" I asked.

She laughed.

"Oh, the father is Italian enough to forgive it! And I, who am only half Italian, am only half inclined to do so."

"But you have never given me the chance to call you anything else," I protested.

"Surnames are unimportant in Italy," she answered. "But there is such a word as 'Madame.'"

I bowed low.

"Madame, your humble——"

"And my duenna, who is wholly Italian——," she went on, ignoring me.

"Should, on your own showing, highly approve of the designation."

"On the contrary, thinks it most indiscreet," she finished, laughing.

"Ah, but then she is a woman with a motive in life," I said, "and an Italian with a motive in life is as different from other Italians as——"

"As an Italian from an Englishman. Have you a motive in life, Mr. Barnaby?"

"That was your mother speaking then," I told her, shaking an admonitory finger.

"You surely don't expect me to call you George?" she pouted.

"And how," I asked, "did you know that my name was George?"

I had scored a distinct advantage. Marietta blushed most becomingly, and the apple-blossoms went pinker still. Marietta was the first to recover herself.

"I guessed it," she said, defiantly.

"I wish I could guess as happily," said I, with a sigh. "There is so much I should like to know, and it seems such a simple way of arriving at correct conclusions."

Marietta smiled at me.

"What do you want to know?" she asked.

"I hardly know which end to begin," I answered, looking at the apple-tree. "There is one question the answering of which would at once annihilate all necessity for details."

"I should begin with the details," said she.

"Then," said I, "why have you taken the Cottage?"

"How many times," she queried, "have you asked me that question in three weeks?"

"Twenty-one, at least," I replied, promptly. "And how many times have you answered it?"

"Quite as often as I mean to in the future," she retorted. "Is it not enough for you that I am here?"

"That is very nearly everything," I admitted. "It leaves only one other item of real importance to be considered, and that is, how long are you going to stay here?"

"It depends on a great many things," said Marietta.

"Does it depend on me at all?" I asked. "I mean," I added, hastily, as I saw by the gathering of a slight frown that the time was not yet, "my company is not likely to drive you away?"

"That also depends," said she. "If you persist in asking foolish questions, there is no saying what the result may be."

"I will ask nothing!" I cried, recklessly. "Except one thing," I added, suddenly.

She looked at me a moment, but evidently saw nothing in my face to cause her alarm.

"And that is?" she asked.

"That you will continue to sit under the apple-tree."

"But if it rains?" she cried, in mock dismay.

"It never rains in England," I told her, solemnly.

"An allegory?" said she.

"Yes," said I, "an allegory."

"When it rains——"

"When it rains——?" I said.

"I shall not sit under the apple-tree," said she.

"And I, on the other hand," I said, "shall be released from my promise."

"If you can find me," said she.

"I shall find you," said I.

"And my duenna?" she asked.

"Forty thousand duennas shall not stop me," I said.

Marietta looked at the sky.

"There is not a cloud," she said.

"Not at present," said I.

Then I took her hand.

"Is it a bargain?" I asked.

She gave me a smile and gently drew her hand away.

"A poor one for you, I am afraid," she said.

She jumped up.

"I must go," she said.

"So soon?" I pleaded.

"There are many things to be done."

"What do you do with yourself all day?" I asked.

She shook her finger at me.

"You are breaking our compact," she said, warningly.

"I can't imagine you away from the apple-tree," said I.

"You have seen me there a good deal," she admitted.

I shook my head.

"A mere hour or two," I declared.

"You have not counted them, I fear," said Marietta.

"I count no others," said I. "And what are you in such a hurry to be off and doing?"

She moved away without answering. At the orchard gate she turned and spoke to me over her shoulder.

"I am going to buy an umbrella," she said, and, with a laugh, she disappeared.

By some strange mischance it did not rain the next day, nor the next, nor the day after that. Never had England known such a spring. And spring ripened into summer, and still the rain did not come. In the churches they prayed for rain, but none prayed for it more heartily than I. And all this time Marietta sat under the apple-tree.

The fine weather was responsible for more than this. It brought

my aunt to the country. "The dear child," she wrote, "is looking pale and hipped. The London Season in this unwonted heat has knocked her up. I am sure you will be pleased to find room for us in your bachelor home for a few days: a breath of country air will soon pick the dear child up again."

The "dear child" was Beatrice. A "few days" would mean a week at least, if not two. Beatrice and I are cousins, distant cousins, but still cousins. My aunt was really not my aunt at all, but aunt only by marriage. But if I had been married to her myself she could hardly have stuck closer to me than she did. Between Beatrice and me—in the mind of my aunt—existed a secret understanding. Outside of my aunt's mind there was nothing but a fraternal sort of good-fellowship. But ever since Beatrice and I were children, people—prompted, no doubt, by my aunt—had always said that we were engaged, and should eventually marry. Beatrice had never taken the trouble to contradict them, and until she did I saw no reason for settling the matter one way or the other. It seemed a possible culmination, but there was no need to hurry. At that time I had not met Marietta.

There was one small window in my house which gave a view of the orchard and the apple-tree. It was natural that my aunt should go and look out of this window on the first morning of her arrival. It was, of course, a foregone conclusion that Marietta should be sitting under the apple-tree. My aunt broke in, bristling; upon Beatrice and me in the library.

"There is," she panted, "a most extraordinary-looking young person sitting under an apple-tree in your orchard."

Her manner annoyed me.

"My dear Aunt," I said, deliberately, "I think you are mistaken. The lady in question is not a 'young person,' she has never struck me as extraordinary-looking, and, furthermore, I was about to go out and talk to her."

"Oho!" said my aunt, with the irritating laugh of the married woman who is in all but name nothing better than an old maid, "so she has been there before?"

"She has," I said, "been there before."

"Often, no doubt?"

"Often," I said, with calmness.

"It is only right, then," she said, "that you should take me out and introduce me—at once."

I hesitated.

"I don't know that it is quite necessary," I began.

"Perhaps she is not fit company——"

"Auntie!" put in Beatrice, in remonstrance. I thanked her with a look.

"What is her name?" asked my aunt, pulling herself up.

"Her name," I said, "is Marietta."

My aunt waited expectantly.

"I didn't ask for her Christian name," she said, cuttingly, when she saw that I had finished; "though, doubtless, it may sound very pretty in your ears."

"I can tell you no other," said I.

"A nameless beauty!" cried my aunt, with a sneer. "I think it would have been more decent to have got rid of her before you invited us here."

"You invited yourself," I reminded her, still keeping delightfully calm.

My aunt boiled over.

"You may be sure that we shall not trouble you long with our company. But while I am here, that—that person is not going to sit in the orchard. And I am going out to tell her so."

"It is my orchard," I reminded her again. "But you need not trouble yourself, Aunt: I will go and speak to the lady myself."

My aunt bounced out of the room, and I turned to Beatrice.

"The lady," I said, "was unknown to me a few weeks ago. She is Italian, I believe, has taken the Cottage for a short time, and is now living there with an elderly duenna. Naturally, I have tried to make her stay a pleasant one."

Beatrice laughed in her slow fashion.

"You were always a good one at that, George," she said. "But why trouble to explain to me? I am sure it is none of my business, and I think Auntie was very silly to interfere. But she will calm down and forget all about it in an hour or so."

I felt sure of it. When you have made plans to stay two or three weeks in the country, you are not likely to continue in a foolish little fit of temper with your host on the first day of your arrival. My aunt would certainly forgive me before evening.

Aloud, I said to Beatrice, "You are always sensible," pressed her hand, and went out to seek Marietta.

"Marietta," I said, as I came in sight of the apple-tree, "it is going to rain."

She looked at the sky.

"Ah! the clouds are there," I said, "though you cannot see them." And then I told her about my aunt and Beatrice.

"Are you what you in England call engaged?" she asked, when I had finished.

"To Beatrice? No, certainly not, except in certain people's imagination."

"Do you wish to be engaged to her?"

"Heaven forbid!" I said, fervently. I was to pay for that later.

"Then why," said Marietta, "do you not tell her so?"

"She has never asked me," said I.

Marietta laughed merrily.

"You are quaint people, you English," she said.

"But you yourself," I protested, "are more than half English. You speak like an Englishwoman, and very often you look like one."

"Do I?" she asked, becoming grave for a moment. Then she laughed again. "Which is the window?" she cried.

I pointed it out to her through the trees.

"Your aunt is watching us, I feel sure," said Marietta. "You had better go."

We both rose.

"I feel," said I, "that it is going to rain to-night. And if it rains to-night, it will be wet in the morning—too wet to sit under the apple-tree; and then our compact will be broken, and I shall come and find you. Remember, to-morrow morning!" and I shook my finger at her.

Marietta gave a little start.

"To-morrow morning! Ah, yes; I had forgotten."

"Forgotten what?" I asked her.

She recovered herself and smiled at me.

"Our compact," she said, sweetly.

"I shall find you," I said, with confidence.

She turned away her head.

"It is very possible," she said, in a low voice, "that you may."

My heart leapt within me. Oh for the rain, the rain! Marietta, I believed, would listen to me. And if Marietta would only listen to me, why, then—then Beatrice and my aunt could go to the devil.

I felt absurdly happy as I entered the house. My aunt had no difficulty in making her peace with me, and we passed a most harmonious day. In the night I woke and heard it raining. How I prayed for a wet morning!

And the morning was wet. I danced round the breakfast-table in an ecstasy, shouting, "The rain, the rain!" to the utter astonishment of my aunt and the infinite amusement of Beatrice.

"My dear George," cried my aunt, "have you gone quite mad? The rain does not rejoice me in the slightest. There is nothing so miserable in the country as a wet day."

I stopped in my wild career and addressed her solemnly.

"Are you so bound up in self," I said, "as to forget that the whole of humanity has for weeks been praying for rain? What of the farmers, what of their crops? What of the gardeners, what of their gardens? Shame on you, Aunt; I did not know it was in you to be so selfish!"

Beatrice tittered as my aunt looked at me helplessly.

I got breakfast over as soon as I could, and then, without waiting for my aunt to leave the table, I fled from the room, out of the house, and, hatless and umbrella-less, made for the Cottage.

This was to be an authorised game of hide-and-seek. It would not do, therefore, to ring the front-door bell. So I walked straight in.

As I opened the dining-room door and put my face inside the room, I heard an exclamation. For the moment I saw only Marietta.

"Marietta," I said, "I have come to find you."

Then for the first time I perceived the gentleman. I stopped speaking abruptly.

But Marietta was equal to the occasion. Never, in thinking of Marietta, do I think of her with deeper admiration than when I recall that moment.

"Look," she said, turning to the gentleman, with a little smile, "what wonderful people we English are." (Even in my dismay and perplexity the phrase "We English" caught my ear.) "Mr. Barnaby had evidently heard that you, my husband, had arrived, and he comes immediately, through all the rain and storm, to pay his respects."

The gentleman looked the Italian for incredulous, but I took the cue that was offered me.

"It is the custom," I explained, "to pay these visits as early in the day as possible. I did not wish to be behind the fashion, or you might have thought my welcome insincere."

The gentleman bowed. Apparently, though he understood it, he could not speak English, which was, perhaps, fortunate for me. Marietta said something to him in Italian. With another bow, which included both of us, he left the room. Marietta turned, breathless, to me.

"It is unfortunate you came," she said, hurriedly; "he is only here for a few hours."

"Will you have the goodness to explain?" I interrupted, sternly.

She looked as though she were about to defy me, but thought better of it. Then suddenly she burst into tears.

"Oh, I am so sorry!" she sobbed; "I do hope I have not hurt your feelings very much. I am married, have been married for two years. And—I am not Italian. I thought, perhaps, if I told you I was, that you would not think it so strange of me to make your acquaintance as I did. In an Englishwoman I knew you would think it unpardonable."

But I was scarcely listening to her. A terrible suspicion was haunting me: I could not get away from it.

"Then you are not Italian," I said, "and your name——?"

"Is not Marietta," she sobbed.

"I feared it," I said, gloomily. "Then it is, it must be—Maria?"

One glance at her face confirmed my suspicions. I had learnt the worst, and the blow was crushing.

Without a word I turned and left her. Then I trudged home through the rain, changed into a suit of dry clothes, and went and proposed to Beatrice.

There really seemed nothing else left for me to do.

THE END.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



A STATEMENT has gained currency during the last week or two that Mr. W. W. Jacobs has resolved to devote himself entirely to story-writing and to leave the stage severely alone, in spite of the great success he and Mr. Louis N. Parker made with "Beauty and the Barge." These rumours are, happily, quite unfounded, for Mr. Jacobs intends to return to dramatic work at some time in the future. The

playgoing public may, therefore, still look forward to enjoying the exhibition of Mr. Jacobs's individual humour, not selfishly by the fireside, but with the added enjoyment which is inseparable from laughing in unison with hundreds of other people.

While our thoughts are still tintured, if not dominated, by Trafalgar and its hero, it is interesting to note that the circle of the life of Nelson's Nonpareil, who, had she been allowed to follow her natural bent, would have been a conspicuous figure on the operatic stage, touches the circle

Republic and the English and foreign Ambassadors. Mr. Warner's contribution consisted of the Closet Scene from "Hamlet," in which he was associated with Mr. Charles Cartwright as the Ghost, Miss Geraldine Oliffe as the Queen, and M. Paul Berton as Polonius. Mr. Warner's acceptance of the invitation was rendered possible by the kind permission of Sir Charles Wyndham and Mr. Charles Frohman. He left London on Thursday morning, acted in the afternoon, and returned to town in time to be at Henry Irving's funeral, and to act in "Leah Kleschna" in the evening.

The similarity between plays and plants has often been noticed. Some bear transplanting better than others, a fact which the season has already proved. "The Duffer," which has just started on its provincial tour, did not remain long at Terry's, for the season was brought to a close at the end of last week after seventy performances, a by no means bad record when the lukewarm nature of the criticisms is considered. The theatre is hardly likely to remain closed until Mr. James Welch's season begins in the New Year, for two or three people have been negotiating for it, and it is not improbable that to-day or to-morrow a settlement as to the temporary lessee may be announced.

The revival of Mr. Cecil Raleigh's splendid one-Act play, "The Spy," at the Coliseum, recalls the fact that, when it was originally produced by Mr. Charles Hawtrey at the Comedy, certain people



APPEARING AT DALY'S AND THE EMPIRE: MISS MARJORIE PINDER.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery.

of the life of one who has become a familiar personality on the dramatic stage of our own day. This is Mr. Charles Fulton. When the future Lady Hamilton first went into service, she was engaged, as Emma Hart, as nursery-maid in the house of Dr. Thomas. The Doctor was the great-grandfather of Mr. Fulton's mother. Emma Hart's little charge became, when he grew up, a very celebrated physician, and had the honour of being elected President of the Royal College of Physicians. Emma was dismissed from Dr. Thomas's for what was regarded as a terrible misdemeanour in those days. She was only twelve or thirteen at the time, and was discovered under a hedge enjoying some jam, which she had persuaded her charge to purloin. To her credit, be it said, she was sharing the stolen sweets with him. Many years later, when her charge had grown to manhood and to fame, and had consulting-rooms in Hanover Square, she took Nelson to consult him professionally, thus, it may be assumed, doing a service alike to the great Admiral and to her former fellow-criminal.

The German Theatre, which, by reason of the failure of the Mermaid Repertory, is to be reinstated in its old home, the Great Queen Street Theatre, will open on Saturday with Kadelberg's comedy "Familientag." The season will be under the sole direction of Herr Hans Andresen, and the principal members of his Company will be Frau Elsa Gadamann, Fräulein Margarete Russ, and Herr Hugo Waldeck.

A graceful compliment was paid by the French stage to our own last Thursday afternoon, when Mr. Charles Warner was invited to appear as the representative English actor in the performance given at the Opéra-Comique in aid of the sufferers by the recent earthquake in Italy. The entertainment, in which M. Mounet Sully represented the Théâtre-Français, was also contributed to by M. Coquelin *ainé* and M. Coquelin *cadet*, as well as by many artists from the Grand Opéra and by Signora Eleonora Duse, representing the Italian stage. The performance was under the direct patronage of the President of the



TCURING IN "SAN TOY": MISS DORIS LANGDON, WHO IS PLAYING POPPY IN THE PROVINCES.

Photograph by Langfier.

The alliance with Japan is evidently extending from the political world to the world of entertainment, and we are likely to see more representatives

of the theatrical art of our allies in the near future. The newest comers, who will take part in a strikingly sensational act specially imported from Japan, will appear at the Hippodrome. Early next week Mr. Fred Trussell will go down to Portland to await the arrival of the steamer *Antenor*, on which the actors are travelling. A special steamer has been chartered to enable him to meet the vessel in mid-Channel, and to bring back the actors, who will be introduced into the programme as soon as they have had the necessary rest after the voyage, and time for rehearsals.

KEY-NOTES

DURING the past week, the Musical Festival at Bristol aroused very considerable interest, chiefly through the efforts of Mr. Riseley, the conductor, who throughout that time showed that he had trained his choir to sing the choral music with artistic eagerness, as well as with a massiveness of effect worthy of highest praise. Mr. Riseley knows precisely what effects he wishes to produce, and he is never satisfied until he has attained his desire. The opening performance of the week was "Elijah," and it was given an almost perfect rendering in every way. Mr. Andrew Black achieved quite an extraordinary success in his singing, and Madame Albani, who took the chief soprano part, sang very finely in the quartette, "Cast thy Burden." The other soloists were Miss Muriel Foster, Mr. Lloyd Chandos, and Master Lethaby, who was engaged for the part of the Boy in the great scena, "O Lord, Thou hast overthrown Thine enemies," and proved that he has a fine soprano voice, though he was somewhat nervous. A new work of Richard Strauss, entitled "Taillefer," was given during the week, and, though it cannot rank amongst his great works, it is, nevertheless, a good deal more than interesting. A new work by Josef Holbrooke, among the most prominent composers of the younger English school, was also given for the first time—a tone-poem entitled "Marino Faliero." The work is exceedingly interesting, but Mr. Holbrooke, perhaps, gives too much attention to his orchestra, when one puts it in balance with his melody. After all, melody is the one thing necessary towards building up a really great work. It is only necessary for him to remember this fact, for he is capable of real melody, and he will rank as a foremost musician. It was this lack which kept Berlioz so long before he came to his own.

A very large and fashionable audience was present a few nights ago at Covent Garden to hear Madame Melba, in the rôle of Gilda, in Verdi's "Rigoletto." Madame Melba was in remarkably good voice, and delighted her audience by her rendering of the famous "Caro nome," the final bars being particularly memorable. M. Stracciari, in the name-part, acquitted himself very ably, both as a vocal and dramatic artist. At the close of the third Act Madame Melba and he were repeatedly called before the curtain. M. Giorgini, who made his début in this country on this occasion, took the part of the Duke; while M. Didur and M. Thos took the smaller parts of Sparafucile and Monterone. The orchestra and chorus, under the direction of M. Mugnone, were in excellent form, and contributed towards the evening's enjoyment. Indeed, at the present moment it would be hard to find in any country so continuous a series of opera, dating from the end of April, and, with but a short interval, re-opening with a long autumn list, in which the principal engagements have been throughout largely of singers of European importance.

Mischa Elman, who gave a concert the other day at the Queen's Hall, will, in the future, certainly be recognised as one who came to maturity before he arrived at the age when he might be described as a musical prodigy. He had the advantage, of course, on this occasion of being accompanied by Mr. Wood's admirable Queen's Hall Orchestra, and he played Glazounoff's A Minor Concerto under splendid direction and under most advantageous circumstances. As a feat in pure technique, his playing was, one might almost say, unparalleled; by that one naturally does not mean to compare him or to rival him against the great violinists of all time, for each player has naturally had his day; nevertheless Mischa Elman is now in the possession of his own day, and anybody who thinks of the endless succession of great violinists will not envy this youngster in his youthful accomplishment. One has heard many strange tales, and all quite credible, of the youth of Joachim. He was the first among great artists who taught the world that youth might be a great interpretative power. Since then we have had many who have emulated Joachim's great conquests; but, so far as music runs, whether in one's own experience or in one's knowledge of the history of music, Mischa Elman has already covered himself with the laurels which belong, as a rule, to much older men than he. One says so all the more deliberately because he actually had set down upon his programme Beethoven's Violin Concerto. It has often occurred to the present writer that Beethoven's Concerto could only be played by one who has made many experiences in the art of music, and finally has become convinced that Beethoven, in his one

Concerto for the violin, had, after the passage of many years, discovered a new means of expression. Elman, young as he is, seems to have discovered Beethoven's secret, and his playing of the second movement was so wonderful that the last word to be said concerning him is that he ranks among the great artists of our present generation. COMMON CHORD.



THE LEGITIMATE SUCCESSOR OF GIUSEPPE VERDI: SIGNOR PUCCINI.

Photograph by Bertieri (See Note on this page)

Signor Puccini's friends may well declare that his star is in the ascendant. Of his operas no fewer than four are being given at Covent Garden this season; "La Bohème," "Manon Lescaut," and "La Tosca" were presented in the first week, and now "Madama Butterfly," which was the most successful novelty of the grand season, has been added to the list. The area of Signor Puccini's success is only limited by civilisation. In North America and South America, and all over Europe, opera-houses are producing his delightful work, and he is probably in receipt of more royalties than any living man. One of his earlier operas, "Edgar," has been promised for production in London, and ours will doubtless be one of the first cities to hear the new work upon which he is engaged. It deals with the

life and death of Marie Antoinette. As an example of Puccini's popularity, it may be remarked that at one time "La Bohème" was being performed at more than two hundred cities in Italy alone.



MADAME MELBA'S BOUDOIR IN COVENT GARDEN OPERA HOUSE.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.



TYRES AND THE VANDERBILT CUP—"IN CAMERA" EVIDENCE—MOTORING IN THE AUTUMN AND WINTER—THE ENGINE AS A BRAKE—
THE MICHELIN NON-SKID—THE MOTOR AS A SAFE VEHICLE—LADIES AS ENGINEERS.

HEMERY'S victory in the recent race for the Vanderbilt Cup, the first of the series, is still another testimony to the excellent qualities of Dunlop tyres. The French driver's success was largely due to the staunch manner in which the tyres with which his car-wheels were shod stood the heavy strain thrown upon them, for not even a puncture was sustained from start to finish. The progress made in perfection of manufacture by the Dunlop Companies on both sides of the Channel during the past three years is nothing less than phenomenal, and speaks well for the devoted persistency of their technical staff. I am told, further, and on excellent authority, that the non-skid Dunlops fitted to the six-cylinder Napier which made the top-gear run from Brighton to Edinburgh just lately not only gave no trouble, but did not show a scratch at the end of the journey.

It is a matter for regret that the Royal Motor Commission should have resolved to take the evidence to be laid before it *in camera*, as though the testimony dealt with the details of a fashionable divorce case. It is not at all what automobilists looked for, and is, I believe, a great disappointment to the officials of the Motor Union who are handling the case for automobilism. If the Local Government Board inquiries as to local speed-limits have been open to the light of day, one fails to see why this cloak of mystery should enshroud the doings of the Motor Commission, whose findings may be—I say, may be—fraught with so much purport to the motor industry. In these days of lack of industrial employment, any Commission should hesitate before allowing prejudice to prevail upon it to suggest the whole or partial strangulation of a huge industry.

Motoring has ceased to be considered by its votaries as a fine-weather pastime only. The sharp, keen airs experienced of late have in no wise reduced the number of cars which leave London every day for country jaunts. But to those who venture abroad in open cars when the temperature is low I would speak a word of warning born of many winters' motoring. Special clothes must be worn. The heaping of ordinary tailor-made garments upon the body will not suffice to resist the penetration of the chilly breeze. Winter motoring—clothes must be made absolutely wind-proof, though not heavy, and for such garments one must turn to people like "Dunhills," who have made a study of the whole question. Fur is good, but, if fur is too expensive, there is specially selected cloth that serves the purpose admirably and contrives, also, to look smart.

A good deal of discussion has taken place of late on the subject of using one's engine as a brake when descending hills. The matter might be quite novel from the keen manner in which it is being discussed in the columns of the Motor Press. Presuming an

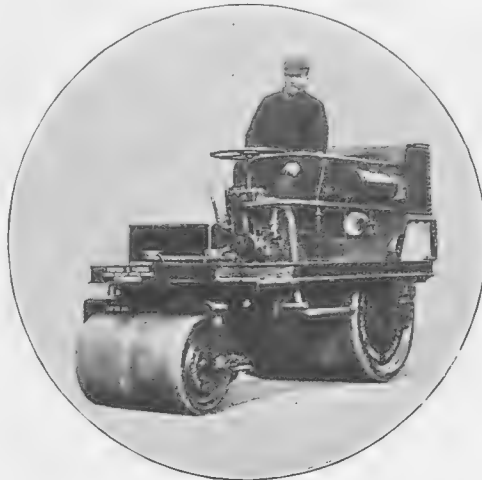
adequate throttle, by which I would be taken to mean a throttle which, when entirely closed, permits the passage of mixture sufficient only to turn the engine slowly when the car is standing, the closing of this throttle is all that will be required for checking when running down hills of average height. The trouble is that, in nine cases out of ten, throttles, when presumably closed, allow too much mixture to pass to the cylinders of the engine, and so impel rather than arrest the progress of the car down grades. In the Winton car an ingenious air-governor closes the inlet valves at will against suction, and so makes a perfect brake of the engine.

Non-skidding and non-puncturing tyres or covers are generally unsightly and clumsy-looking, but this cannot be alleged against the new Michelin non-skid, which differs very widely from anything yet put upon the market, and which is, I believe, the outcome of long and tedious test and experiment at Clermont-Ferrand. The hardened steel studs are carried in a V-shaped strip of untanned leather, which, in some ingenious and lasting manner, is made up into and flush with the surface of the tyre. As a non-skid and non-puncturer the thing is perfect.

It has often been suggested—originally, I believe, by Mr. S. F. Edge—that the only fair way to compare the comparative danger of motor and horse-drawn vehicles was to take the accidents per unit of miles run per vehicle. In the case of the latter class, this is, of course, almost impossible, as few cart or carriage owners keep such records. As showing, however, the extraordinary freedom from accident enjoyed by the self-propelled vehicle, the deductions drawn by the Joint Committee of the Motor Union and Automobile Club from the mileages of members is interesting and instructive. This is the first time that an accident rate has been worked out on a proper statistical basis. The mileage travelled amounts to 44,352,300, and the number of accidents 16 fatal and 356 non-fatal, giving an average of .003 of fatal accidents per 10,000 miles travelled and of .08 of non-fatal. Put differently, this means that for every 2,772,000 miles travelled one person was killed, and for every 125,000 one person injured. I question if railroad figures show such security as this.

Not content with a superficial knowledge of driving, the ladies of the Ladies' Automobile Club, which possesses most comfortable quarters at Claridge's Hotel, Brook Street, are taking practical lessons in the internal-combustion engine from Mr. R. Sedgwick Currie, their con-

sulting engineer. They are to be shown how a petrol-motor works, are to have a single-cylinder engine taken down before them, and in a later lesson are to be given a complete description of all working parts, with an explanation of all technical and engineering terms. With the present reliability of the motor-car, nothing stands in the way of ladies driving without male attendance save the absence of a tyre which can be changed without effort and in a cleanly manner.



THE FIRST MOTOR ROAD-ROLLER AT WORK
IN ST. JAMES'S PARK.

Photograph by the Topical Press.



A TRAVELLING MOTOR-CAR EXHIBITION: THE INTERIOR OF THE WINTON MOTOR-CARRIAGE COMPANY'S PUBLICITY CAR.

Canada's Travelling Exhibition of her products has been followed by the ingenious advertising device here illustrated, a special railway-car designed to display the 1906 models of the Winton motors to prospective purchasers. The car is to travel by rail all over the United States.

Photograph by Levick.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE—HUNT MEETINGS—"TIC-TAC"—LADY TIPSTERS—SALES.

THE race for the Duke of York Stakes has very little bearing on the Cambridgeshire, although I think Velocity will run well at Newmarket next Wednesday. Maggio will win a big race later on, but the horse is not fit just now, and is quite fat. Many people who saw the race for the Cesarewitch have fastened on to The Page for the shorter race, and Mr. Sullivan knows what is wanted to win across the flat. True, he has War Wolf in the race, but I think The Page will be his final choice. Nabot looked very well at Newmarket last week, and I should say he would represent the Hon. F. W. Lambton's stable in preference to Transfer, who cut up badly at Kempton. I have heard good accounts of Ambition, who won the Jubilee and just missed the City and Suburban. 8 st. 1 lb. is plenty of weight for a four-year-old just below the first class, but I am inclined to favour the chance of Ambition—at least, for a place. Dean Swift is supposed to be another well-kept good thing who is very likely to show that he is not the impostor he has hitherto been painted. For the actual winner I shall declare for Andover, who gained such a clever victory in the Royal Hunt Cup. He belongs to a good sportsman who believes thoroughly that his horse is a good thing. So do I.

The Hunt Meeting season has begun auspiciously, and there are at the present time no end of little owners who train and ride their own jumpers. In the West Country especially the Hunt Meeting is very popular, perhaps because there are no flat-race meetings in the district. At Exeter, Plymouth, Torquay, Totnes, and Newton Abbot racing under National Hunt Rules flourishes, while a little higher up, in Somersetshire, the Wincanton fixture is highly popular and is well patronised by the followers of the Blackmore Vale and Lord Portman Hunts. I am told that another attempt is to be made to run steeplechase meetings on the old Crewkerne course, and it is said that an enterprising Clerk of the Course intends to try and institute meetings at Bristol. The old Bristol meetings were very popular. The King, when Prince of Wales, patronised the enclosure on one occasion when the late Mr. S. H. Hyde was connected with the management. The Portsmouth Park meeting is, I am told, doing well, but it is a great pity that the Chandler's Ford meeting was dropped, as it was well fed from Southampton.

A big, ready-money bookmaker who trades in the cheap rings told me the other day that it would be impossible to carry on his business successfully without the aid of the "tic-tac" men who signal market changes, likely runners, horses that are stone-cold, and so on

and so forth. The principal "tic-tac" artist operating at the chief meetings is a very respectable man, highly intelligent, and, I should say, well up in figures. He does his work quietly, and, seemingly, his code is quite intelligible to the receivers, as he seldom has to repeat a message. I am told that he makes an income quite equal to the pay of a Prime Minister, but I expect he loses some of his earnings in trying to find winners on his own. His messages are sent to all the rings, to the paddock, and to the men trading on the opposite side of the course.

A lady tipster in the provinces has been sending circulars broadcast all over the country, offering to give special information on racing. She alleges that she is "acquainted with most of the sportsmen now owning and running horses on the 'Turf.'" If that is so, why does the lady shout her golden finals from the house-tops? Why not have a plunge on these herself? Further, I am not sure that it is any benefit to be acquainted with "most of the sportsmen now owning and running horses." My own experience serves to prove that most of the sportsmen owning horses know very little indeed about the horses they run. When they fancy their horses they finish down the course, and when the horses win the owners are not on them. Sir Thomas Dewar was right when he said that in racing the jockey comes first, the trainer second, the bookmaker third, and the owner fourth, and he might have added, without any sane person doubting his opinion, the poor punter, other than the professional, nearer the starting than the winning post.

As is well known, selling-races form a big nucleus to the Race Fund, and steps should be taken to get horses sold at their proper value. I mention this because at a recent sale of a selling-race winner those interested in the horse offered for sale went all round the sale-ring and endeavoured by persuasion to prevent proper bidding. They were, seemingly, successful, as the horse was bought in at £200 below his value. This is a crying evil that should be removed at once, and I suggest to Clerks of Courses that they should put in someone to bid in the interests of the Fund. This could easily be arranged, as it is known that in the case of the sharp owners they will not part with an animal that has a passable record, even when tinged with in-and-out performances. I do not see myself why the auctioneer should not have authority to bid himself when it strikes him that a horse

is going dirt-cheap. If by any accident the animal came to hand, it might be put up again, and the public would then see that it was worth the money bid for it in the interests of the Fund. CAPTAIN COE.



Lionel Mackinder.
M. R. Morand. Geo. Grossmith, Jr.

Henry A. Lytton.

THE FIRST OF A SERIES OF INTER-THEATRE GOLF MATCHES: GAIETY v. CRITERION.—AN INTERESTING MOMENT.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.

Arthur Hatherton (Gaiety). Lawrence Grossmith (Criterion). Henry A. Lytton (Criterion). Robert Nainby (Gaiety).



Lionel Mackinder (Gaiety). Rutland Barrington (Criterion). Geo. Grossmith, Jr. (Gaiety). M. R. Morand (Criterion).

THE FIRST OF A SERIES OF INTER-THEATRE GOLF MATCHES: GAIETY v. CRITERION.—THE TEAMS.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

A GOOD question for the Silly Season columns would be one which I heard asked at an adjoining dinner-table at the Carlton two nights ago: "Does a telephone in the house encourage gambling in our wives?" Well may the husbands ask, and much could the stockbrokers tell them as they would. For it is unnecessary to lay down the fact, look you, that we are all gamblers at heart, and it is only the trammel of circumstances and the want of opportunity that keeps us innocent of starting-prices and the ticking tape. But make it possible for us to listen to Hope's flattering tale "straight from the stable," or get a Kaffir Circus tip from the alluring "insider" actually over the wires, and we are lost, undone, demoralised, or delighted, as the tale runs of gains or losses.

The mind of woman is active, and, with such an opportunity of exercising it as the telephone gives, how can she resist the charms of distant conversation? Indeed, one hardly exaggerates in laying it down as a general rule that every woman whose address is in the Telephone Directory either plays bridge, backs a horse, or flutters in those fascinating ups-and-downs called "shares" by the populace! As for the latter form of excitement, I am by no means prepared to lift up hands and eyebrows in horror with the rest of the world. The whole thing is so entirely a matter of common-sense. If, for instance, the noxious habit of carrying-over and contangoing is indulged in, one may be certain that money is lost "on balance." On the other hand, if discrimination is used, and only such purchases made as can be paid for, in nine cases out of ten the investor comes out with something handsome to the good. The reason women so often lose their heads and their money in this pastime of playing with the Stock Exchange is because they are frightened by market fluctuations

in rose brilliants. For to be swayed by the look of the market at the moment, handicapped by high "contangos," harassed by rumours and payments of differences, temporarily adverse news, and other worries, deranges the nervous system and spoils one's game. Time makes everything right, and nowhere more so than "On 'Change."



[Copyright.]

VELVET AND MOLESKIN.

and the blandishments of the "bears." "Pay and hold, and don't look at the newspapers," is the advice of one friendly member of "the House" to a few in whom he takes an interest, and it seems, judging by results, as if the advice had been worth its weight



[Copyright.]

A WALKING-COSTUME IN RED CLOTH.

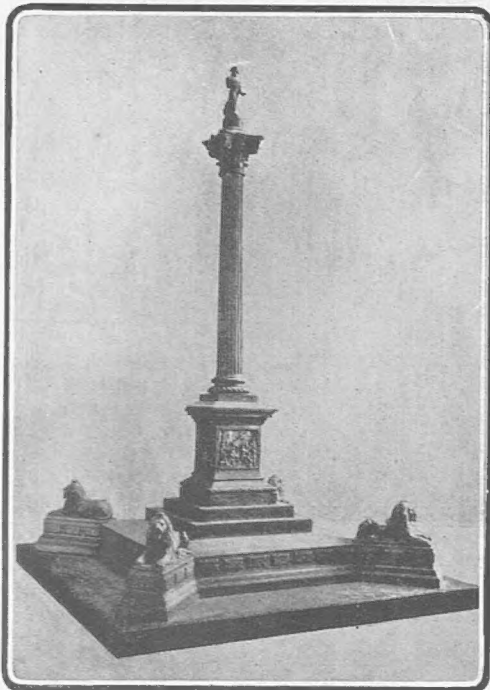
A propos des bottes, how deliciously vulgar and overbearing the Company-promoters' wives are in Lewis Waller's new play at the Imperial. Miss Ferrers' blazing, cherry-coloured frock reduced us to tears of laughter, and how too entirely charming Evelyn Millard looks in her "running away" frock of pale dove-grey. As for Lewis Waller, he is as fascinating as ever, though he does not play the lover, but a humdrum journalist on three hundred and fifty a year.

As the season advances and fashion declares herself more fully, one is more and more pleased with her present versions of the mode. The new coats are quite becoming and smart, the millinery enchantingly *chic*, and the gowns, day and evening, calculated to support one's best points and suppress the worst, all of which is very comforting. It is really women's own fault if they do not look nice this winter, everything is so tempting and dainty. Of course, some good souls—or, at least, they ought to be good—will insist on being unsuitably clad and making themselves hideous. There is one type, the made-up and elderly, which appears at fifty-five and onwards in débutante's dress—a lace hat on a yellow transformation, for example, a gauze frock falling off shrunken shoulders, a pearl dog-collar (poor pearls!) clasp a shrivelled neck, and so on; and another, the uncompromising type that wears thick country-boots in town, and short skirts, and drags its hair back from the temples into a round, hard knob, defying any hat, of whatever inspired millinery, to set comfortably on such a head—skull seems the more apposite description. But, types and tactless persons apart, everybody really looks rather nice in their fresh clothes and holiday complexions. Swan and Edgar's, of the famous Circus, are more than ever attractive this season, and one sees

rows of Colonials and country cousins, not to mention the Metropolitan Madam proper, "flattening their noses," as the elegant phrase goes, against those seductive windows full of new fashions. A little booklet just issued by this famous house, entitled "How to Dress with Taste and Economy," is a complete manual of the winter's modes. The illustrations conveying Swan and Edgar's specialities in women's, men's, children's, and household matters are attractive exceedingly and the prices correspondingly low. Smart and inexpensive fur coats bestow both comfort and *chic* on the wearer.

Exceptional advantages in the purchase of furs are offered by the low prices at which they were secured early in the season. Warm and

shapely coats for motoring, operamantles of fitting elaboration, tailor-mades of admirable outline, dainty silk gowns for evening occasions, not to mention *fantasies* in *dessus* of the most seductive, silken petticoats great in effect as low in price, and blouses ornate and varied are all dealt with. Nor are infantile externals omitted from Swan and Edgar's list; everything, from the layette upwards to the schoolgirl's outfit, being successfully catered for and provided. Women who appreciate lace will find an unusually well-selected collection of real lace in Swan and Edgar's *dentelles*, while all accessories of the household, from linen pillow-covers to down quilts, are effectively arranged. As one of the first shopping centres in this busy old town, Swan and



A MODEL OF THE NELSON COLUMN IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE, MADE FOR THE ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE, GREENWICH.

The model of Nelson's column which is here illustrated was made some time ago for the Royal Naval College, Greenwich. It is the work of Messrs. Mappin and Webb, 158 to 162, Oxford Street, London, W.

Photograph by Bolas and Co.

Edgar's has always had its *clientèle*. A chief favourite resort of our up-to-date requirements, it increasingly justifies itself of its many admirers.

The House Beautiful had not as many opportunities of vindicating its title when the phrase was coined as it has to-day. Decorative art, as applied to our domestic surroundings, has made immense progress during the past fifteen years, and the application of electricity in enlivening the daily round, the common task, has increased our comfort and convenience incredibly. To dress up this wonderful illuminant suitably presented many difficulties at first, and the primary versions of "electroliers" and fitments were crude and hideous as the black-and-brass bedstead of daily usage. It has been given Messrs. J. S. Henry to shed a light in several senses on the possibilities of electricity, and at their West-End show-rooms, at 22, St. James's Street, S.W., three charming salons are set out with the most beautiful and artistic fittings it can be given the heart of woman to covet. Wood, instead of metal, is the medium employed. White enamelled candelabras, mahogany fitments in the style of Chippendale, oak, light or dark, to accord with antique or modern furniture, are some of the novelties shown. Exquisite taste and the most perfect designs possible combine to point out the apotheosis of electric-lighting, and as a mere education in the matter of interior decoration at its best this exhibition should be seen by everybody.

Mentioning enamel, and all the pomps and works for which its introduction has been responsible, reminds me that Aspinall of universal fame has invented "Sanalene," which promises to be Queen-Empress of all enamels. It is durable, sanitary, and gives the highest possible gloss attainable. It gives you a hall-door in which you can "see yourself," and is equally applicable to walls or furniture. Care should be taken, however, in buying "Sanalene," whether for *out* or indoor use, that the genuine product is supplied. It can be had of all Italian warehousemen.

At this time of year, when we can see the leaves fall unmoved, it becomes a more personal and private matter to find one's hair imitating that annual occurrence with alarming fidelity. One naturally flies to tonics and unguents generally, in the hope of arresting this alarming downfall, but it is only with the advent of Capsuloids, taken internally, that we have awaked to the fact that hair can be treated successfully from *inside*. Information of the simplest and most scientific kind on this point is contained in a booklet issued by the Capsuloid Company, of 47, Holborn Viaduct, which can be had post free on application. And one can only add that, in the face of its practical politics and proofs, anyone who goes on suffering from thinned-out or falling hair deserves to suffer.

SYBIL.

The Annual Festival of the Newsvendors' Benevolent and Provident Institution, at which Sir Horace Marshall is to preside, will be held on the 31st inst. at De Keyser's Hotel, Blackfriars. Among those who have accepted invitations to be present are the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress, the Sheriffs of the City of London and their wives, the Chinese Minister, Lord Burnham, the Hon. H. L. W. Lawson, Sir George Hayter Chubb, General Sir Alfred Turner and Lady Turner, Sir Joseph Lawrence, M.P., and Lady Lawrence, Sir Clarence Smith, Mrs. Craigie, Sir John Macdonell, C.B., Mr. Cecil Harmsworth, and Mr. Linley Sambourne.

The charity of our readers is asked for the poor of Old Ford parish. It is the custom of the Vicar, who has the care of 11,000 poor East-Londoners, to lend blankets to thirty families from November to May of each year. Many of these blankets are becoming threadbare, and an appeal for the replenishment of the stock is now being made. Money is not asked for, but gifts of new, warm blankets will be more than welcome. Parcels should be sent to The Vicarage, Wright's Road, Old Ford, London, E.

The Ardath Tobacco Company have been awarded a Gold Medal for cigarettes at the Brewers' Exhibition at the Agricultural Hall.

With enterprise characteristic of them, the proprietors of the *United Service Gazette* have published a Trafalgar Centenary Number that must take high rank amongst its kind. The issue contains forty-eight pages of Nelson pictures printed in tints and eight full-page pictures in colours, and is in every way excellent value for money.

A sixth edition of "Our Homes and How to Beautify Them," by Mr. H. J. Jennings, the well-known writer on decoration, is in the press.

The Cannstatt Automobile Supply Association has been appointed sole agent for the Léon Bollee Cars in Great Britain, Ireland, the Colonies and Dependencies.

The Dr. Jaeger's Sanitary Woollen System Company's premises, at 95, Milton Street, E.C.—or, to be strictly accurate, the roof of their premises—were the scene of an interesting function the other day. The occasion was the inauguration of a miniature rifle-range, erected for the benefit of the Company's employés. Lord Roberts, whose interest in such matters is well known, opened the range, and Lady Aileen Roberts fired the first shot. Nothing has been left undone to make the Jaeger Rifle Club a success, and an ingenious arrangement of shields makes it impossible for a bullet to take a dangerous course.

When to the splendour of Shakspeare and the charm of fine acting is added the impressiveness of beautiful scenery, the result should be success, and the fine spectacular effects in Mr. Bourchier's revival of "The Merchant of Venice" at the Garrick Theatre are worthy of the other features of the event. Without over-elaboration, the manager of to-day takes care that his productions shall be made attractive to the eye, and this is particularly wise when the period is one in which art was flourishing, as in the sixteenth century. Some quaintly handsome



THE CHALLENGE SHIELD PRESENTED BY THE LADIES OF HAMPSHIRE TO H.M.S. "HAMPSHIRE."

The shield is a fine replica of the famous "King Arthur's Round Table" which hangs on the wall of the Great Hall of the Castle of Winchester, is of silver, measures some three feet across, and was presented for proficiency in gunnery. It was designed and executed by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Co., Ltd., 112, Regent Street, London, W.

items of furniture, supplied by Messrs. Oetzmann and Co., of 62-79, Hampstead Road, W., include a wonderful old gilt-and-marble coffer, with the lid curiously painted inside, in which the three historic caskets are placed, and, in Portia's room, a delightful old dower-chest of carved oak, the inside of the lid ornately embellished with a picture of ancient ships.

Messrs. Bewlay and Co., Limited, of 49, Strand, tobaccoists to the Royal Family, have been awarded a Gold Medal for their Flor de Dindigul cigar at the Brewers' Exhibition.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Nov. 13.

THE WATCHWORD IS "CAUTION."

THE business of the Stock Markets has been very restricted during the week, although the fear of an immediate increase of the Bank Rate to 5 per cent. is no longer acute. That we shall escape the necessity of dearer money altogether few people expect, especially if both Russia and Japan come into the market with new Loans.

We know that our well-informed correspondent, "Q," considers that speculators should exercise great caution for the rest of the year, and it is not unlikely we may have flat and dangerous markets during November and December—nor is he alone in this opinion; there can, however, be no doubt of the improvement of trade generally, and of the fact that in the near future this improvement will tell its tale upon the Stock Markets. It is the fashion among many of our contemporaries, especially some of the evening papers, to be pessimistic, but, for ourselves, although we think it right to sound a note of warning as to the next two months, we have little doubt that the year 1906 will reward those who in the meanwhile can buy and pay for sound securities.

OUR ILLUSTRATION.

We publish this week the first of a series of pictures illustrative of the West Australian Timber trade, which is personified in this country by the well-known Millar's Karri and Jarrah Company (1902), Limited, a huge combination that has absorbed nearly all the West-Australian Timber Companies with which our market was at one time familiar. The concern has an issued share-capital of £1,243,300, and a debenture debt of £408,000. In busy times it employs over three thousand men, and it owns 320 miles of railway in the colony. The size and importance of its business may be gauged by the fact that on the 31st of December, 1904, the stocks of timber held by the Company, including cargoes afloat, exceeded in value half a million of money. We are indebted to the Millar Company for the illustration we publish in this issue, and some extremely interesting ones which will follow.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

By the time this letter is spread before the eyes of a waiting world the various celebrations in connection with the Nelson Centenary (how *should* that word be pronounced?) will be nearly all over. Perhaps in one way some of us will not be sorry for that. There is a certain sarcastic stab at one's patriotism in the feeling that the great naval hero should be used as a kind of advertising sensation for the newspapers. The paper containing most Nelsonia was able to score, because the Admiral died on Oct. 21, and the one which published the most tactfully garnished stories of Nelson and his mistress was eagerly bought on the death-day of our greatest Captain. That his memory should ever be kept green in the hearts of his fellow-countrymen—and especially of his fellow-country-lads—everyone would vehemently demand; but there was little dignified or fitting in the yards of sorry stuff manufactured into columns higher than that in Trafalgar Square itself. I see by some of the papers that Consols were about 60 in those days. What chances we miss by not having the years of Methuselah in these latter days! Because, naturally—this being after the event—we should all have bought Consols at 60 and sold them at 113½ or 1-32 less.

One is often asked what are the best papers to read for the sake of their finance. No doubt there are many answers, but my own experience, based on very practical tests, is that the *Financial Times* and *Daily Telegraph* in the morning are a long way the best, while for the evening the *Pall Mall* and the *Westminster Gazette* are useful in this order. There is no object in wading through many papers, but a glance at the leaders of the *Times* in critical days sometimes supplies an index to the tone of political markets, and every now and then the *Times* has exclusive pieces of information on its City page. But the two morning papers mentioned above, and one of the evening *Gazettes*, will be ample for the average man; other daily literature can then be safely ignored, because it is not likely to contain anything of grave importance which the other three pass over.

Bank of England Directors must feel sorely tempted to raise the Rate and put the markets out of the misery of suspense. A good many men I have heard say in the House that a 5 per cent. Rate would have the effect of putting prices better, and, perhaps, there is something to be said in defence of this apparently contradictory view. But a 5 per cent. minimum would mean 7 per cent. contingencies in the Yankee Market, and I don't think that anybody is particularly anxious to see that charge, unless it be the bears. Therefore, the state of suspense may, after all, be less unsatisfactory than the conditions that would follow a rise to five per cent. in the

Bank Rate, and, however much we may fear the year cannot finish without such a minimum, we would like the unpleasant day postponed as long as possible. Will the Old Lady kindly note?

All the probabilities point to a month or six weeks of unsettled markets. Rather hard lines, this, seeing that the Stock Exchange reckons upon being busy at this time of year, and uncertainty kills orders. However, when people begin, about the middle of December, to discount cheaper money in the new year, we may get some of that general revival which is said to be going on round the country. All things considered, it speaks well for the Yankee Market that prices should have kept up as steadily as they have done, and those who sold their Americans higher up, when a certain illustrated weekly advised it, might do worse than start laying in stock again. My particular tip remains Missouri, because there is more in the rumour about the line being taken over by the Illinois Central than has been the case upon former repetitions of the report.

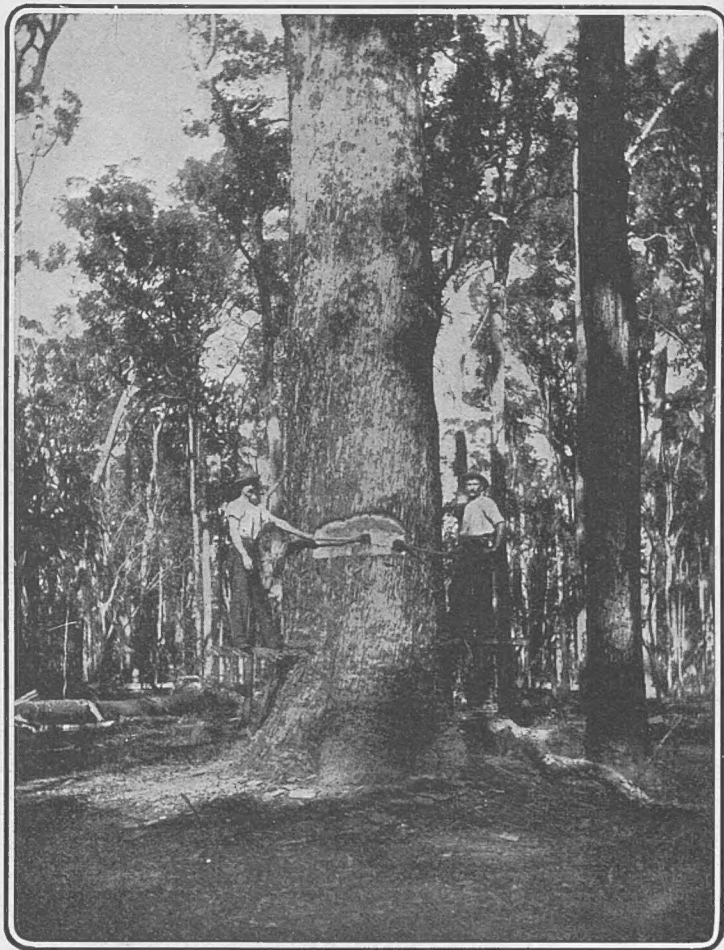
Here is a debatable point. A client gives his broker an order to buy a thousand shares of low-priced rubbish, not quoted in the usual lists, and the broker promises to communicate any particular movement. The price falls a shilling, and not until then does the House-man communicate with his client. The broker argues that a movement of a shilling per share is more or less of a detail: the client maintains that he should have been informed when the price had fallen, not a shilling, but sixpence, and vows he will refuse to pay the difference that has arisen by the sale of the shares at a loss of fifty pounds, plus expenses. Put yourself in the position of either party, and what would you do?

Some years ago now, I remember giving a good deal of attention in *The Sketch* to the claims of Salvador Railway Debentures. It is not so much to brag about the things having risen forty points since then that I reintroduce the subject. But just as the Debentures have had a good run, so will the Preference and the Ordinary shares. The movement has already commenced, as a matter of fact. Six per cent. is the proper rate payable on the Preference, and the full amount is now being earned, though not distributed yet. It will be, though, the line having now turned its worst corner, and, at 8½, the £10 fully paid Preference shares ought to be bought to put away. I hear great things of La Guaira and Caracas Railway shares, also of £10 each fully paid, and standing about 7. This is another lock-up, for steady increase in dividends. The line is but three-and-twenty miles long, and many speculative investors may have a prejudice against Venezuelan concerns. All the same, they will find these shares probably turn out a safe investment, the return at the present time being over 6½ per cent. on the money. That other curious little line, the Arica and Tacna, is not yet purchased by the Chilean Government, and perhaps many of the proprietors wish they had accepted the Government's offer to give a pound or two per share more than the current quotation. A study of the situation will show that the threat to build a competing line has not the least likelihood of being put into execution. It would pay the Government much better to buy out the Arica and Tacna shareholders at something even higher than their own price, than to make a new road. So Arica and Tacna shares should not only be kept: they should also be picked up by those who are not afraid to wait a year or two to realise the handsome profit likely to accrue.

To keep on the same Foreign Railway string, I would suggest that Leopoldina stock, in the light of probable dividends, is at least high enough, and the same judgment covers Manila Railway Debentures without any difficulty. The Manila Railway's ultimate end will, no doubt, be in the office of some United States Syndicate, and I believe that the Company's undertaking is even now in the market. The Debentures have received no interest since July 1891, so that by the close of the present year they will be entitled to 84 per cent. of arrears. That these will be funded at some time or other is the reason for the recent wild rise in the price of the stock, but, allowing for all the benefits likely to accrue from such an operation, Manila Debentures hardly look worth 117, even though the funding scheme had not met with the hitch that is now delaying negotiations. Cuban Central Ordinary slipped back fairly sharply upon the dividend declaration at the rate foreshadowed here what time the shares at 74, were pronounced unduly high. THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

HOME RAILS.

What puzzles one about the Home Railway Market is the declaration by dealers that they can negotiate big lines of stock much more readily than the smaller amounts; or, in other words, that it is easier to deal in ten or twenty thousand Midland Deferred than in three or four hundred pounds: easier from the standpoint of undoing the bargain afterwards. If this is the case—and we have no reason to doubt the assertion—evidently speculators are at work in the market, and we are somewhat surprised not to have heard that the jobbers are short of stock. Midland Deferred has been a thorough House tip for the past week or so, and the rumour that the Company is about to absorb the Furness line was worked for as much as it was worth. But the Home Railway Market possesses a better basis than one formed of rumours and reports, and that basis is, of course, the improvement in trade circles. Traffics are on the mend: even the District Railway has had three weeks of increases—maybe four with that of to-day, which we are unable to forecast in advance. Districts are being forced to the front, and if the price goes another point or



THE WEST AUSTRALIAN TIMBER TRADE: FELLING A BIG TREE.

two further forward the stock should be thankfully sold. We should be sorry to set forth similar advice with reference to the Heavy Railway stocks, because, although the next batch of dividends may be colourless, the continuance of trade revival should give a decided stimulus to this market, in view of the results to be obtained during the first half of next year.

A FIVE PER CENT. TRUST.

The following Note has been written by "Q." at our request, in answer to the question of an old correspondent. We trust it will prove of use to our readers in general—

I have been asked by a correspondent to suggest six investments over which a sum of £12,000 which he has to invest for a lady may be spread, the said lady being anxious to obtain a return of 5 per cent., with a chance of improvement, and good security for the capital. This is such a common request in various shapes and forms that I think it may interest your readers if I answer it in your columns. Of course, many people will tell you that 5 per cent. and safety are incompatible, but I am of those who think that one can obtain 5 per cent. with nearly as good security as 3 per cent., and those who within the last twenty years have been unfortunate enough to be obliged to put their money in Trustee securities, and have seen their capital dwindle 20 and 30 per cent. in value in that time, may be inclined to agree with me. Here is the list—

	Cost.	Produces.
(1) £2,500 Bahia Blanca and N.W. Pref at 84	£2,100	£75
(2) £2,500 For. Am. and Gen. Invest. Trust Def. at £100	2,500	137 10s.
(3) £2,000 Ohlssons' Cape Brewery 4½ per cent. B Deb. Stock at £100	2,000	90
(4) 500 Argentine Land and Investment 5 per cent. Cum. Pref. Shares at £4½	2,250	112 10s.
(5) 200 Premier Diamond 250 per cent. Pref. Shares at £9¼	1,850	125
(6) £1,100 Industrial and General Trust Unified Stock at 118	1,298	55
Total	£11,998	£595

1. The interest on Bahia Blanca Preference is guaranteed by the Buenos Ayres Pacific Railway at the rate of 3 per cent. till July 1909, 3½ per cent. for the next four years, 4 per cent. for the following four years, and 4½ per cent. thereafter. The stock, therefore, ranks for dividend before the First Preference stock of the Buenos Ayres Pacific, which stands at over 114, and it is as certain as anything can be in this world that it will gradually rise to par and over. The Buenos Ayres Pacific is now one of the largest, as it is the most enterprising, of the Argentine Railways, and its guarantee is likely to become more rather than less valuable.

2. On this stock see "Q.'s" notes in *The Sketch* of Aug. 16, 1905.

3. See "Q.'s" notes in *The Sketch* of July 12, 1905. This Debenture issue is amply secured not only on a very prosperous business, but on freehold property in Cape Town which alone is worth more than the whole of the Debenture debt.

4. On this see "Q.'s" notes in *The Sketch* of Aug. 30, 1905.

5. From what I said last week about Premier Deferred shares, you will understand that I regard the Preference shares as very well secured. It requires only £100,000 to pay the interest on them. For anyone, however, who is afraid of the name of a Mining Company, I would suggest as alternatives *San Paulo* Railway Ordinary stock, or *Antofagasta* Railway Ordinary stock, either of which would give about the same return.

6. On this see "Q.'s" notes in *The Sketch* of Aug 23, 1905. Q.

P.S.—The new issue of bonds guaranteed by the *Cordoba Central* Railway has been well taken, and I hear they are likely to go in time to £110.

Among Nitrate shares, *Lagunas Syndicates* at about £3¼ are a good purchase. The final dividend for the year is due in November, and should be a substantial one. Recent dividends have been reduced owing to the payment of over £80,000 out of revenue for new land. This new land, however, is turning out very valuable, and, along with the Company's old land, secures the Company a long life.

October 20, 1905.

THE RUDGE-WHITWORTH REPORT.

That there has been a vast improvement in the Cycle industry the reports of the Swift and several other concerns have already made evident, and now the Rudge-Whitworth accounts more than confirm the general impression. The most captious shareholder can find little fault with the balance-sheet, which is singularly free from "soft" items. The goodwill stands at the modest sum of £56,000, against a reserve-fund now raised to £75,000. The profit for the year ending July 31 last was £46,512, and compares with £7,230 for the previous twelve months, while the dividend is increased from 5 per cent. to 10 per cent.; but, even so, of the sum available for distribution only £14,225 is so applied, whilst

£29,803 is appropriated to various reserves, and £14,600 carried forward. The directors deserve great credit not only for the way in which the business has been conducted, but for the conservative spirit they have shown in dealing with the profits, which will increase the stability of the Company, and benefit the proprietors in the long run.

Saturday, Oct. 21, 1905.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

J. B. (Egypt).—The photographs came too late. They should have been sent to the Editor, not the City Editor. They will be returned to you.



QUIPS ON "QUIT," SOCIETY'S NEW CARD-GAME.

Said Society's Queen, looking stern,
"From the Quit Girl the Abbess should learn!"
It is all very fine
To say 'C 6, C 9,'
But you must not play out of your turn."

DR. J. H.—Your letter was answered on the 18th inst. See also this week's Notes.

HEATHER.—The objection to Electric Light shares is the right of the Municipalities to purchase under the Electric Lighting Act, 1888. The earliest date in the case of the Company you name is 1930. In our opinion, the investment is a safe one for a good many years to come.

TITUS.—The Tramway shares should be held. Anglo-Paraguay Lands are quoted about 1½.

ADAM.—See for the investments you want this week's Notes. Entre Rios Preference shares and Rio Claro San Paulo shares may be added to the stocks mentioned by "Q."

E. G. S.—The name and address of the brokers was sent to you on the 19th inst. KYLE.—In mining there is always the chance of something turning up, but, apart from this, we have no faith in the concerns named by you. For a lock-up, Gwalia Consolidated is the best cheap thing we know.

J. H.—Our statement of prices was taken from a book called "Mining, Highest and Lowest," published at a shilling by F. C. Mathieson and Sons, 16, Copthall Avenue, E.C.